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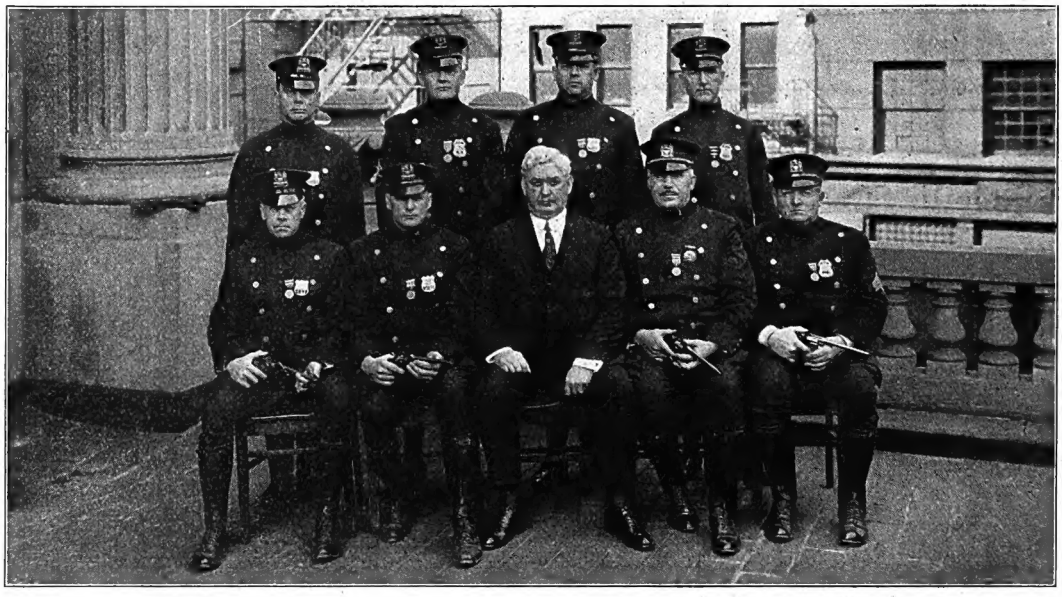

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April, 1925

PERRITON MAXWELL
Editor-Publisher

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Business Manager

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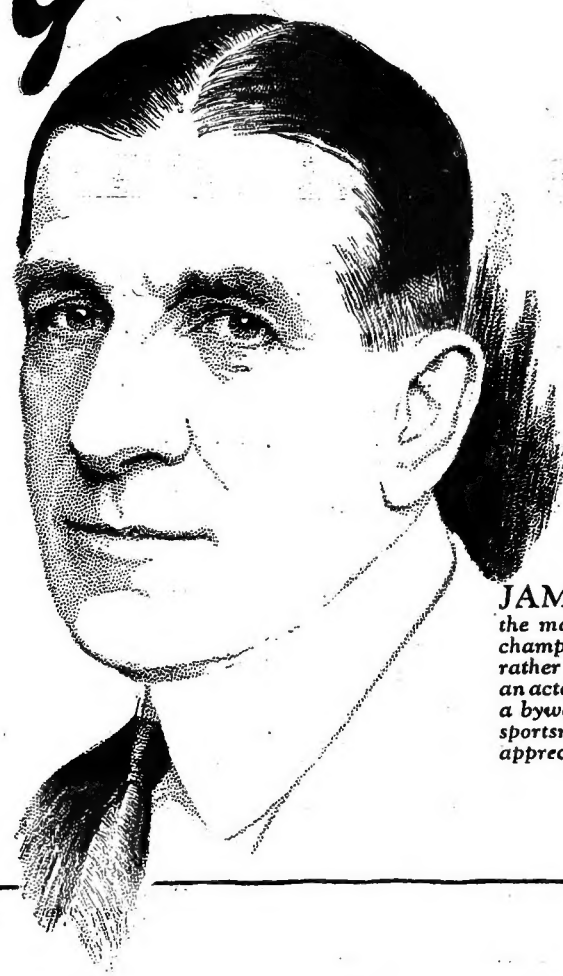

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CRIME

OUT of the evil that men do are woven the vivid tapestries of the fictionist and in this field of feverish endeavor the authors who are writing for POLICE MAGAZINE glean their material, visualize their unlovely characters. To present these pictures of Crookdom sincerely, truthfully, colorfully is the province of this magazine. We do not glorify crime but we know it exists and in pointing it out, whether in fact narration or imaginative dressing, we are aware that some good must result from "holding the mirror up to nature." Every reader of POLICE MAGAZINE may scan between the lines the moving finger of fate pointing out with a stinging emphasis the eternal fact that the way of the transgressor is hard.

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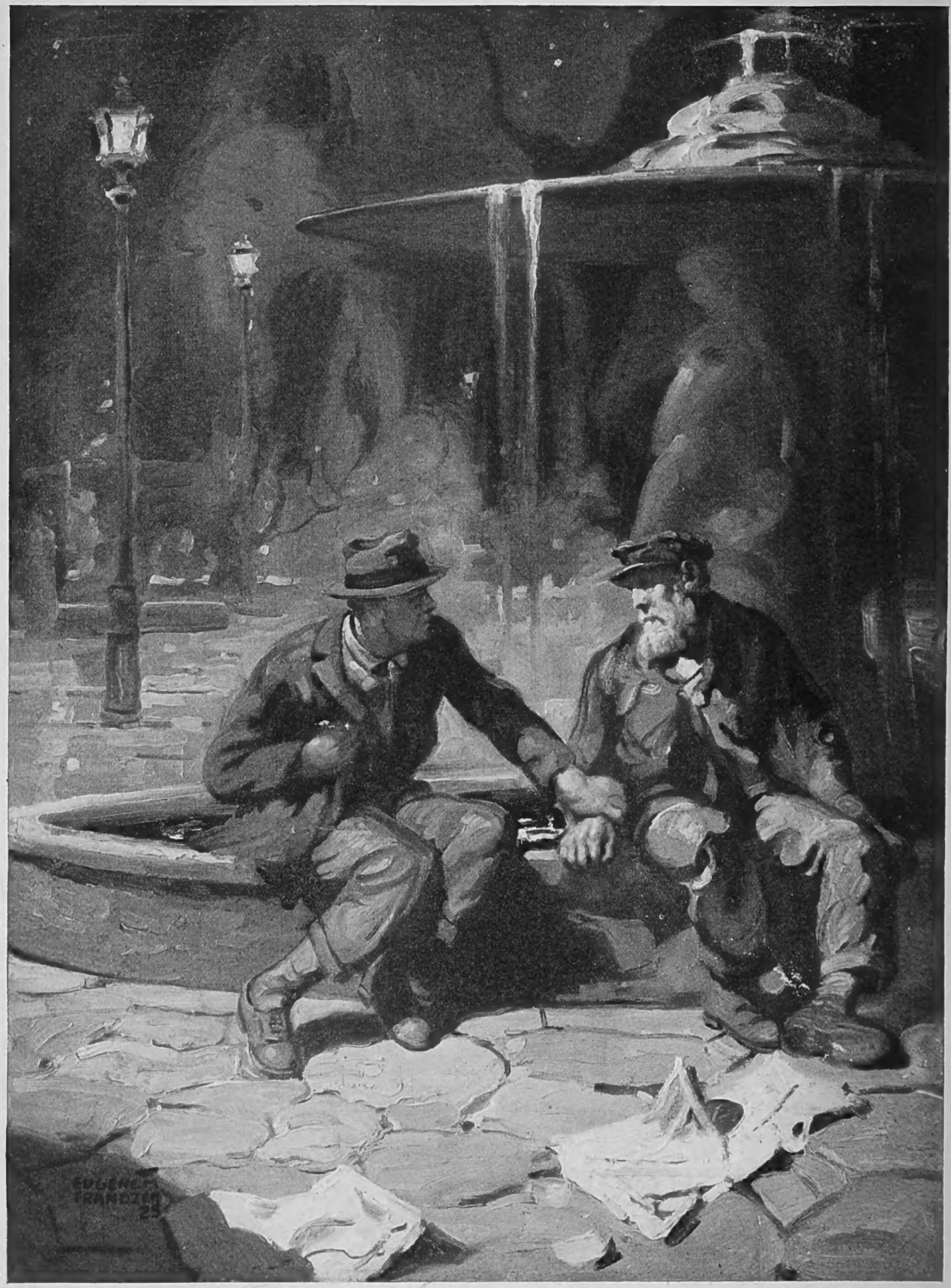

The stranger took a seat on the edge of the fountain's basin. "Why do you want the star?" he demanded, looking with burning intensity into Jean Paul's eyes.

(*See "The Mendicant's Star", page* 30)

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UNDERGROUND

Hard-Boiled Captain Kidd, Whose Cargoes are All Human, Smuggles a Pretty Treasure for Himself

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of "The Alaskan," "The Flaming Forest," "The Valley of Silent Men," "Nomads of the North," etc.

Illustrated by FRANK MCALEER

THERE were at least seven Lake Erie ports that might have claimed Captain Kidd as a citizen, for the reason that this unusual individual was a frequenter of them all, though he owned property in none. In these seven towns there were seven thousand or more people who could have pointed out Captain Kidd on sight, but it is doubtful if there were more than seven who could truthfully have said that they were personally acquainted with the man and his ship, especially the ship, and not one of these could have sworn as to Captain Kidd's method of making a livelihood.

Some thought he carried sand. Others were of the opinion his ship was a tramp. And a few, a very few, winked in a peculiarly non-committal way when the subject was raised, as is the habit of old lakemen when in doubt. But the people of busy lakeports are too deeply absorbed during the months of navigation to prod into another man's business unless there are dollars and cents at the bottom of it, and as a result the skipper of the *Lauraline Spreckles*, abbreviated to *Laura Spreck* by her master and owner, was allowed to seek his ways in undisturbed peace.

This fact was properly appreciated by Captain Kidd, who frequently gave thanks for the same to the Providence which guided his fortunes. On the other side of the lake, where in a bleak stretch of the Canadian shore terminated the famous underground railway which began in Peking, Hongkong, and Shanghai, Captain Kidd possessed a reputation which would have

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won him a life of considerable monotony, if Uncle Sam had known. This, too, was a fact properly digested by this cheerful adventurer. Meanwhile he continued to smuggle Chinamen and now and then a Chinese girl.

This afternoon Captain Kidd was in a more reflective mood than usual. Ostensibly he was taking up sand. The *Laura Spreck* lay three-quarters of a mile off a barren stretch of Ontario dunes and marshes, over which the day was fading away in a fiery sunset. Back of him the gray rib-line of Point Pelee trembled like a thread of desert sand in the haze that was shifting seaward from the marshes of Pigeon Bay. That rib-line, which reminded him of the slim white forefinger of a lady's hand, was indissolubly associated with the fortunes of Captain Kidd. Among its barren drifts he had added to his sins; in its loneliness he had piled up the hoard of gold of which no man knew but himself. To him it was the visible end of the underground. That mysterious chain of human mechanisms might begin almost anywhere outside the country of which he was a subject, but it ended there. From that point the yellow-skinned contraband came to him, and as he half dreamed now in watching its thin outline, he thought of the secrets that it held for him. From it he had taken Hop Lee, a cousin of Mock Duck, who had paid five thousand dollars to the head agent for his relative's importation. Hop Lee had taken up with his famous cousin's life in San Francisco, and before very long he had become one of the most proficient murderers in his tong. Then there was honest "Joe" Tung, who now owned three laundries in Buffalo, and who annually sent him a present of fifty dollars because of prosperity and gratitude; and there were two score or more others of whom he had lost all account. Now and then there had been a girl, but he could only wonder where these had gone, and each time one of them came to him through the underground his rough heart ached with sympathy.

It was a girl he was waiting for now. For weeks Captain Kidd had been working up an interest in her. There were certain reasons why he had come to anticipate the time when he would see Ah Ho, as she was named to him in his instructions. In the first place, he was interested in her story. Ah Ho, a letter from the agent at Hongkong had told him, was of Canton parents. Her father was an official of some dignity in a small town, and Ah Ho, he stated at some length, was very beautiful, for which reason the underground charged a big price for her importation. A dozen years before, when her father needed money in order to achieve a certain ambition, the girl had been disposed of to a wealthy and aged Chicago Chinaman named Tai Sing, and after giving her an opportunity to grow up Tai Sing was now claiming her. A copy of a cable-message from Hongkong stated that she had sailed on the *Star of the Orient*, and still later advice assured Captain Kidd that she had arrived safely in Vancouver. After that she had been passed like a precious parcel along the underground. The head agent in Montreal had reported that Ah Ho was in that city. The latest despatch read: "Embarked in regular channel, Friday, 6 p. m." This was Friday. It was 5:30 p. m. If all had gone well, a signal of Ah Ho's presence would be shown among the sand-dunes within the next thirty minutes. Arousing himself from his listless contemplation of the shore, Captain Kidd swung down among his men. His strong, thin face was now lit up with eager anticipation. He bared his large teeth in a cheerful smile as he nodded to Stetson, the gray-beard engineer. Stetson grinned joyfully, and hurried off to his engines. Billy, the boy coal-passer, followed him with the enthusiasm of the adventurer under twenty. There were two men left: old Grimmsey, the wheelman, whose boast was that he could walk his ship in and out of the corners of Lake Erie blindfolded, and Watts, the mate.

"We'll have to pull in pretty close to see the signal, Watts," announced the captain. "I think it'll come from the edge of the marshes."

He went with Grimmsey into the wheel-house, and the electric bell down in the engine-room tinkled his orders to Stetson. Over the bow of the *Laura Spreck* he watched Pelee's rib-line of sand as it broadened out under his advance. The sun had now reached the water-rim. In its last glow the shore burned for a few minutes more brilliantly than before, and the wind-swept tops of the sand-dunes reflected the light, as though each were capped with a million infinitesimal mirrors.

In this interval, when half of the bay was losing itself in the gloom of evening, a car toiled slowly up over the backbone of the point and for a moment stood motionless on its crest, silhouetted in black against the glow of the western sky. Captain Kidd leaned out eagerly. He strained his eyes for a signal, and fingered word down to Stetson to stop the engines. As he looked, three men sprang from the car, and he caught the glint of rifle barrels in their hands. They threw themselves upon their faces, and sent a fusillade of shots over the sand-ridge. In another instant the car was tearing down to the beach, its brakes apparently faulty, and while the captain of the smuggler still leaned over the edge of the wheel-house and stared, his face tense, his breath coming quickly, the three men rose against the sky-line and raced after it.

Captain Kidd turned for the space in which one might flip an eyelash. That lightning glance assured him that toward the open lake the way was clear. When he turned again to the tragedy ashore, the car had come down to the edge of the water. It had plunged in to the hubs, and as it came to rest in the surf a boat shot out toward the fugitives from the reeds of the marsh. Then again the sky-line was broken, this time by a horseman. Two of the three riflemen were waiting for him on bended knees, and even before the reports of their rifles sounded in Captain Kidd's ears the pursuer lurched from his saddle and fell upon the sand, where he lay a motionless blot. Two female figures jumped from the car into the water, and waded out to meet the approaching boat. Close after them came the armed fugitives, and barely had they scrambled over the side of the craft when half a dozen horsemen tore over the sand-ridge.

Captain Kidd heaved a deep sigh as he faced Grimmsey. The hardness had gone out of his face. "A close shave," he breathed, "a damned close shave, Grim!"

Five minutes later the boat ran alongside, and Captain Kidd recognized the chief matron of the underground in her bow. He had met this woman many times, and when he carried female passengers she always accompanied him. She called up to him now from the gloom gathering under the starboard bow.

"You'll have to take us all, Captain Kidd," she cried.

"Certainly, Miss Moore," replied the captain. "Come aboard, all of you. I'll land you gentlemen a few miles

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"Chinkey," he called in a low voice. "Chinkey!" At the sound of his voice the girl's white face turned straight toward him. She uttered no sound, but terror was rooted in her big, dark eyes.

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down the shore. Of course you understand that under ordinary circumstances I never allow a man on my deck—unless he's a passenger."

"A Chinaman, he means," explained the matron with emphasis. As she came over the side of the ship, she whispered low:

"They discovered our movements in Montreal, Captain. We didn't know it until the last moment, and then we thought we could beat them out. It will be surprising if we don't have a revenue cutter at our heels before long."

Somebody lifted up Ah Ho, and Captain Kidd leaned over to take her in his arms. He felt her warm breath against his rough cheek, as he hoisted her over the rail. He stared hard as he released her on deck, but a thin veil and the gloom of evening baffled his attempt to see her face. He was conscious that she had been like a feather in his arms, and that something had thrilled him for a moment as he held her. He had thought much about Ah Ho. As she slipped away beside the matron, he did not doubt but that she was beautiful, as the Hongkong agent had said. But the Hongkong agent was a half-breed, and spelled beauty in a different language from his. Anyway, he wanted to see Ah Ho.

"Watts, see 'em to the private cabin," he said to the mate, who stood near.

The matron laughed back shrilly from the gathering shadows amidships. "He needn't mind," she called; "I know the way."

The men from the boat had scrambled aboard. One of them introduced himself as the new Montreal sub-agent, and then presented his comrades.

Captain Kidd pointed to the rifles which they carried. "You may have to use those before morning," he suggested.

After a little he instructed Watts as to the course to be pursued by the *Laura Spreck*, and retired to his cabin. The matron had preceded him and sat at his table coolly sorting a number of papers. As he entered, she looked up and nodded smilingly. Over the captain's shoulder she caught a glimpse of the sub-agent's boyish face peering in inquiringly, and called out for him to enter.

"I want you to talk with Wilson, Captain," she begged. "Wilson and I are great chums, and I've promised that some day we'd tell him things about the lakes. He's almost a Chinaman. He's lived in Hongkong ever since he was so high." She measured to her knee.

With his big white teeth shining in the glow of the cabin-lamp Captain Kidd held out a frank hand. "I'm going there some day, Mr. Wilson," he said. "I've always had a hankering to see both ends of the workings."

The woman shot the sub-agent a lightning glance from behind the captain's back. "Captain Kidd knows more about the underground on this side than any other man," she said sweetly. "There was McVeigh—but he's dead. Her eyes scintillated at the sub-agent. Suddenly she gave an hysterical little laugh, and when the captain turned in her direction her face was buried in her arms. "Ugh-h-h-h! That business back there has shattered my nerves!" she moaned. When she looked up, her face was flushed instead of pale. "We had to kill a man—perhaps two," she said. "You must talk to me, Captain, or I'll go into hysterics. Tell me something, anything. Wilson here wants to learn, too."

"Learn what?" grinned the captain.

"About the underground, of course!" blurted the sub-agent.

Captain Kidd leaned toward him. The smile left his face. His eyes shone harshly. "I never talk about that," he said. There was warning in his voice. He would have said more, but his ears caught the cry of a man outside, a cry which he recognized, and the meaning of which he read in the sub-agent's flinching eyes and pale cheeks. He wheeled upon the woman, and met her smiling at him over a pistol barrel.

"What does this mean——" he began.

"It means," the woman interrupted him—"it means that I've grown tired of it all, Captain Kidd; that I've turned state's evidence to save myself; that——"

Captain Kidd turned his head slowly. The "sub-agent" had him covered from behind.

"It means," continued the woman, "that the fight on shore was a fake; that the men out there are secret-service agents; that you're going to be extradited; and that your crew——"

"And Ah Ho?" he interrupted. He faced the woman, gripping the edges of the table fiercely. "What about Ah Ho?"

"Oh, she's all right," laughed the matron nervously. "She'll make splendid evidence, Captain. She thinks we're all her friends, poor thing, and that——"

The woman stopped. Captain Kidd had stretched out his arms to her, his face filled with the agony of his helplessness.

"Nell!" he cried, his voice pleading. "Nell, I didn't expect it of you—" In his despair he seemed to stagger as he approached her. The woman rose. She dropped her pistol upon the table, and her breath came in hurried gasps. "Nell! Nell! don't say you've turned traitor to me!" he pleaded.

He came nearer, until his hands touched the woman. Then, in an instant, she was in his arms. It was as if a vise of steel was crushing the life from her body. Over her shoulder Captain Kidd's face shone triumphantly at the secret-service man. The woman was a shield. For a moment he groped under his coat with one free hand. Then there came a flash of steel, a sharp report, and the white-faced man in front crumpled up with the venom of lead in his vitals. "You she-fiend!" hissed the captain in the woman's unhearing ears, "I knew you would do this some day. I guessed it was coming!" He flung her insensible form to the floor as a heavy knock sounded from without.

Captain Kidd moved like a cat, silently, swiftly. In his day-dreams he had wondered if something like this would not happen, and long ago he had prepared for it. Before the knock was repeated he had snatched up a rug, disclosing a trap-door. In a moment the black exit lay open before him. He could hear men straining at the door, and there was an unpleasant smile in his eyes and something dazzlingly dangerous in the gleam of his strong teeth, as he paused for an instant, half crouched for the retreat. Hesitatingly he aimed at the middle panel of the door and fired twice. After that he slipped quickly through the hole into a passageway, and locked the trap-door behind him.

"Now, Chinkey," he muttered softly to himself, "it's all for you." He made his way through the passage, his right shoulder brushing against the inner timbers of the ships hull, his left against the bulkhead. He

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As the flames grew higher and higher and the glare spread until half the lake seemed lit up by it, Chinkey snuggled close to Captain Kidd.

was now walking with the vessels deck just above his head, and by the steps he had taken he knew when he had reached the secret chamber containing Ah Ho. After a little he found a bolt. This he drew back noiselessly. Imperceptibly at first he pushed in a door. A gleam of light caught his eye, and he stopped to listen. There was absolute silence. A twentieth of an inch, a tenth, a half, and then an inch, the aperture grew. He saw one wall of the room, the door, and finally Ah Ho. The girl was crouching in a listening attitude, her face turned toward the hold of the ship. Captain Kidd knew she had heard the shots.

"Chinkey," he called in a low voice. "Chinkey!"

At the sound of his voice the girl's white face turned straight toward him. She uttered no sound, but terror was rooted in her big, dark eyes. Those eyes puzzled Captain Kidd. He could not see her face distinctly, but the eyes fascinated him. He could not remember having seen a Chinese girl with eyes like Ah Ho's.

"Don't you be afraid, Chinkey," he said soothingly, thrusting his head and shoulders out into the room. "They think they've got us, but they ain't!" He pulled himself through, and sprang to the door. As he shot the bolt which secured it from the inside, he heard a distant crash. "That's the cabin-door, Chinkey," he cried. He ran to Ah Ho, and picked her up in his strong arms, as if she had been a child. "We'll fool 'em yet, Chinkey, an' there won't be nobody left to tell how we did it!"

As he carried her under the swinging lamp, Ah Ho's veil fell aside, and Captain Kidd caught a glimpse of her face. "The deuce, Chinkey! You *are* pretty, s'elp me, you are!" he exclaimed. He thrust her through the trap, and followed after. "It's darker'n seven devils, ain't it?" he asked. "Where's your hand, Chinkey?" He squeezed past her and groped under the cape of the long coat which the agents of the underground had given her, until her little trembling fingers lay gripped in his big palm; then he gently pulled the girl after him.

Back of him he heard voices echoing in the passageway. "They've found the trap!" he whispered. "God, what a chance to even up!" For a moment his blood burned with a desire to turn and, in the narrow passage, wreak vengeance upon those who had overcome him by treachery. He leveled his revolver over Ah Ho's head, and held it there, with Ah Ho trembling close up against him, until he saw a streak of light at the other end.

"They're coming, Chinkey," he breathed. "Now we've got to hustle!"

He continued down the passage until his outstretched hand touched a wall. Beyond this he could hear the throbbing of the ship's engines. For a moment he listened to it, then—"They think I'm layin' for 'em in the passage," he whispered joyfully. "They don't dare follow us, Chinkey!" He dropped Ah Ho's hand, and ran his fingers over the wall until they found a lock. Slowly he drew the bolt. Then with a sudden thrust

(*Continued on page* 45)

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¶ *He was smashed to a pulp, but he grinned a twisted smile and whispered: "Hot party—boys," and died*

Strangers To Fear

The Soldier Perishes on the Battlefield with His Comrades, But the Policeman Passes Out Alone and Without Glory

By Campbell MacCulloch

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

I went down to Police Headquarters in New York the other day. There was a man on the second floor I had to see, and to do that I naturally passed in through the wide entrance to the entresol. A declining sun shot a subdued golden glow through the dust and smoke and exhaust gases of Centre Street into the space just inside the doors where two wide stairways curve upwards to the main floor, and the rays picked out in a halo of light a large tablet whereon was carved a list of names. There are several of these tablets in this lobby. Some are filled, and some are waiting to be filled, but year by year as the battle with evil goes forward new names are added to the rolls. It is the record of the policemen who have died heroically in the performance of their duty.

Police Headquarters in New York is a place I like to visit. Since the days of Tom Byrnes there has always been someone in authority there that I have known, but I think it has never been friendship that took me there, or that touches a deep hidden spring inside. It is the spirit of the men themselves. They're not saints, these men in blue and brass. They come from the slums and from the farms. I've known a few from the great universities. Some speak the cultivated English of Fifth Avenue, some speak the Hebrew patois of the New Jerusalem, others still a broken dialect of the far places of the earth. Some have been rotters, and some crooks, for where will you find eleven thousand men without a few whose souls have been twisted in the forge? But in the main, whether they have been good or bad men, whether they have been straight or crooked, that list carven in stone down on Centre Street has grown by their efforts.

And I have known a great many policemen. I've watched them work and play, and I've seen them do things that made me wonder at the mystery of man on the earth. There was one, long years ago, who had a mental kink that turned him into an intolerant beast when some slimy saloon keeper, currying favor, slipped a drink out of a side door in the early morning hours. Three such drinks—and he had them often—made him dangerous. I believed that man was worthless, and yet, one Autumn night I found him dragging helpless, terrified foreigners out of a blazing tenement. He'd pulled eighteen of the crazed tenants down the rickety stairs and down the sizzling gridirons that posed as fire escapes before the firemen came. And because a tow-headed child wailed that her kitten had been left behind on a fourth floor this man went back. He knew it was an impossible thing he did. Not a human being who saw him start but knew it. A sergeant seized him and ordered him back.

"Go to hell, you!" he snarled and smashed the sergeant backwards. He brought that draggled piece of worthless fur out with him and thrust it in the child's hands, and died ten minutes afterwards. A worthless sacrifice, you say? But the spirit that drove the man to do that deed had made it possible for him to do the other.

One night on the West Side, out of the smouldering fires of Hell's Kitchen, there broke forth a race riot. A negro had knifed a detective. For fifteen hours the middle section of Manhattan Island was a raging cauldron of hatred. Gangs swept across the city, and a dark face was the signal for murder. It was just bestiality let loose. It was the equivalent of madness to fall foul of such a gang, and yet I saw a man who had to my certain knowledge been five times before his superiors on charges that were a disgrace to the uniform he wore, cheerfully and unhesitatingly lay down his life that a pair of frightened darkies might live. Single-handed he charged into the horde of a hundred gangsters, dragged out the frenzied black men, herded them in a corner and fought to keep them against odds that he knew were impossible when he crashed against them. When the rescue came he was cut and smashed to ribbons and pulp, but he grinned a twisted smile and whispered: "Hot party—boys," and died.

Some four or five hundred names are cut into those marble slabs on Centre Street, and each one represents a story that can be guaranteed to clutch at the throat. Casey, and Wright and Cohen, Olsen and Devito, Heinrich and Oblowsky, they run, men from all stocks and breeds, but bound together with a Spirit that drives them to do the things that they know can never be done, and that no man would sneer at them for not doing.

Those of us who live and work and sleep in the shelter of the big cities, and come so seldom in contact

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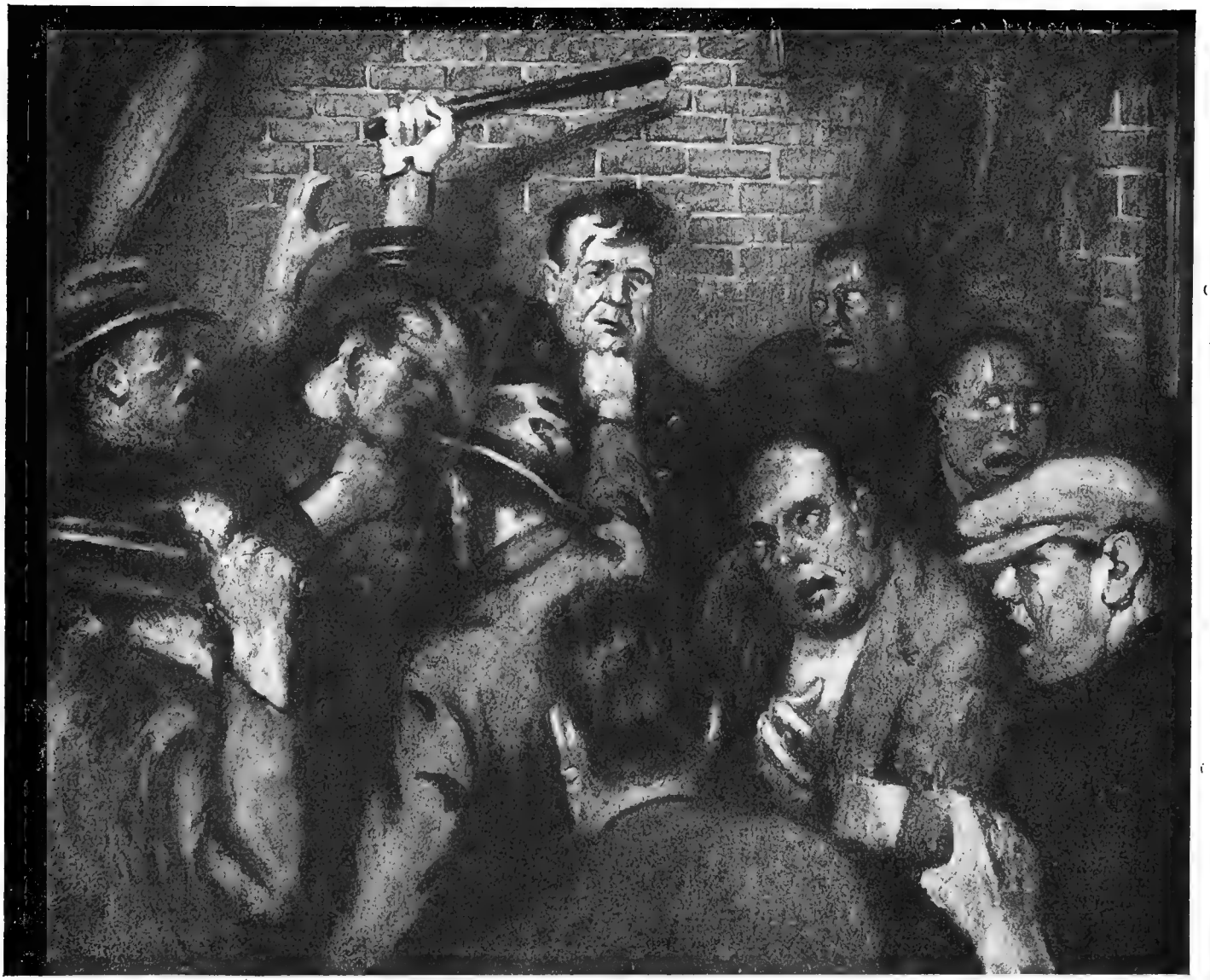

Single-handed he charged into the horde of a hundred gangsters, dragged out the frenzied black men, herded them in a corner and fought against odds he knew were impossible.

with the raw things of life, who see the placid blue figure moving to and fro along the streets, meet him in elevated, subway or street cars, and find things to cavil at in his demeanor, or to get angry at in his occasional refusals to grow excited about some of our petty problems, would do well to make a pilgrimage to that doorway on Centre Street and read those names.

It is not so hard for the soldier to die amid the crash and din of battle where there are thousands of comrades to touch elbows and shout encouragements, but it is a different thing to stand in the silent darkness of the night before some fetid hovel, and listening to the screams from within, force inwards, single-handed, and encounter whatever terror there may be lurking there. Soldiers die usually among the thousands of their fellows, and seldom know how their deaths occurred.

The policeman dies alone, usually in the darkness and facing odds that are enough to daunt the most heroic. It may be a tongue of flame shooting through a crazy warren where human beings are packed like fowls in a hennery, or the faint cry from the icy swirling river over which the thick darkness lies like a pall. I do not know how many cowards there have been among the police, but I know that the tablets of those who died that safety might come to others far outnumbers them. The records of dismissal for failure to perform duty are so slender that they amount to nothing. The reason?

Simply that it takes guts to be a policeman; something more than bulging muscles, something greater than animal life; something finer than tradition; something more than fanaticism or religious fervor. Before God I know not what it is, but it is a Thing of the Soul that overrides the twaddle of the agnostic, the microscope of the scientific sceptic, and brings up to the surface that which makes the man. Macaulay glimpsed the Thing and penned it down in his immortal words:

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?

You can add device after device, invention on invention, auxiliary to auxiliary, but in the end you come to reliance upon the man. The telephone, the signal-system, the patrol-wagon, the tear-gas, the riot-gun, the wireless, the swift motor-car, are more or less recent

(*Continued on page* 44)

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THE HAND OF GOD

An Extraordinary Murder Story With a Mystic Finale Worthy of Poe and the Facts from the Police Department Archives

By Elliot Balestier

Illustrated by Joseph St. Amand

As the derelict, ravaged and water-logged, wallows soddenly in a leaden sea; as the deserted farmstead moulders to lonely ruin on bleak, rock-ribbed hills, so is the post-prohibition saloon. Sullen, defiant, brooding over glories forever gone; hopeless yet doggedly clinging to hope; dead, yet refusing to accept dissolution, they haunt the present, perverse ghosts of a past age.

"Casey's" was one of these. Its once garish brilliance was but a memory; no longer was it a place of glittering glass, polished mahogany, shining brass; of bright lights, inspired hilarity and gay if specious good fellowship. Glasses, bar and windows alike were dingy, lusterless; the brass work corroded; the long mirror flyspecked and opaque with dust; gone were the rows of gaudily labeled bottles; the cupboards above were empty; the counter opposite that once supported a generous "free-lunch" had become a depository for dog-eared telephone books, crumpled newspapers and trash; Casey himself, solitary bartender, collarless, shirt-sleeved, unkempt, lounged morosely behind the long bar and glowered at the only customer, who, sitting at a small table over by the lunch-counter, nervously twisted a glass of flat near-beer in a pool of slop, staring intently into the liquid as though to read there the future in store for him.

He was a dull-looking, weak-faced man of thirty, unshaven and disheveled, though his clothes were fairly good and he had the air of one who has seen better days. Neither was he bad-looking, though his pasty complexion, shifty, bloodshot eyes and the nervous, aimless movement of his hands told of self-indulgence and failure. A physiognomist might have classed him as a bookkeeper or bank clerk who had fallen a victim to drink or drugs, or both.

Suddenly he raised his eyes from the glass, looked at the bartender and spoke.

"*Murder will out!*" he said. And again: "Murder will out."

He spoke oracularly first, but there was a rising inflection to the repetition that gave it almost the quality of a question.

Casey stared at him stolidly.

"What th' 'ell's bitin' *you?*" he asked uninterestedly.

The other grinned mirthlessly.

"Nothing," he replied. "I heard a guy preaching on the corner about it last night. I was just wondering, that's all."

Casey eyed him half contemptuously, half amused.

"Thinkin' of croakin' someone?" he asked satirically.

"Hell, no," returned the other hastily. "I haven't got that far down yet."

"Ain't got th' guts, neither," observed the bartender judicially. It was merely a statement of obvious fact. There was nothing of offense in the tone of the remark nor did the customer take any.

"I was just wondering if the preacher was right," he said carelessly, rising and slouching over to the bar. "Give us another shot of hooch, Dan."

Casey reached into a small safe under the end of the bar, produced a brown pint flask and pouring a drink set it before his customer.

"Preachers are nuts," he growled. "Take it from me, Tom, if every lob what had croaked a guy got what was comin' to him I know a 'ell of a lot what would 've had th' juice shot through 'em before this. How many of these here 'unsolved mysteries' do ye read about in the newspapers, hey? An' there's twict as many ye don't read about, bo, I'll tell th' world."

Tom Marvin downed his drink, shuddered—the typical "bum's shudder"—and returned to his table.

"I was only wondering," he muttered, dismissing the subject, and resumed his attitude of dejected contemplation.

Not until a creaking of the door of the "Family Entrance" followed by the whirr of the buzzer behind the bar announced the presence of someone in the "back room" did he move. Then he straightened with a sudden air of expectancy and interest. Almost tensely he watched Casey saunter leisurely the length of the bar and peer into the dim room beyond. Then as Dan turned towards him, beckoning with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, he rose with unexpected alacrity.

"Is it her?" he asked eagerly.

"Yer woman," replied Casey, tersely, returning to the end of the bar and resuming his pose of gloomy introspection.

Tom Marvin hurriedly pushed aside the swinging doors and crossing to a table dropped into a chair opposite the girl who sat there.

"Well?" he asked, disappointment already in his tone, for the girl's attitude of dejected misery made the question almost superfluous.

She sat with drooping shoulders, elbows on the table, her chin resting wearily upon her thin, tightly clinched hands. A girl not over twenty-five or six with traces of a refinement and beauty that not even six years of care, poverty, humiliation and degradation could wholly obliterate.

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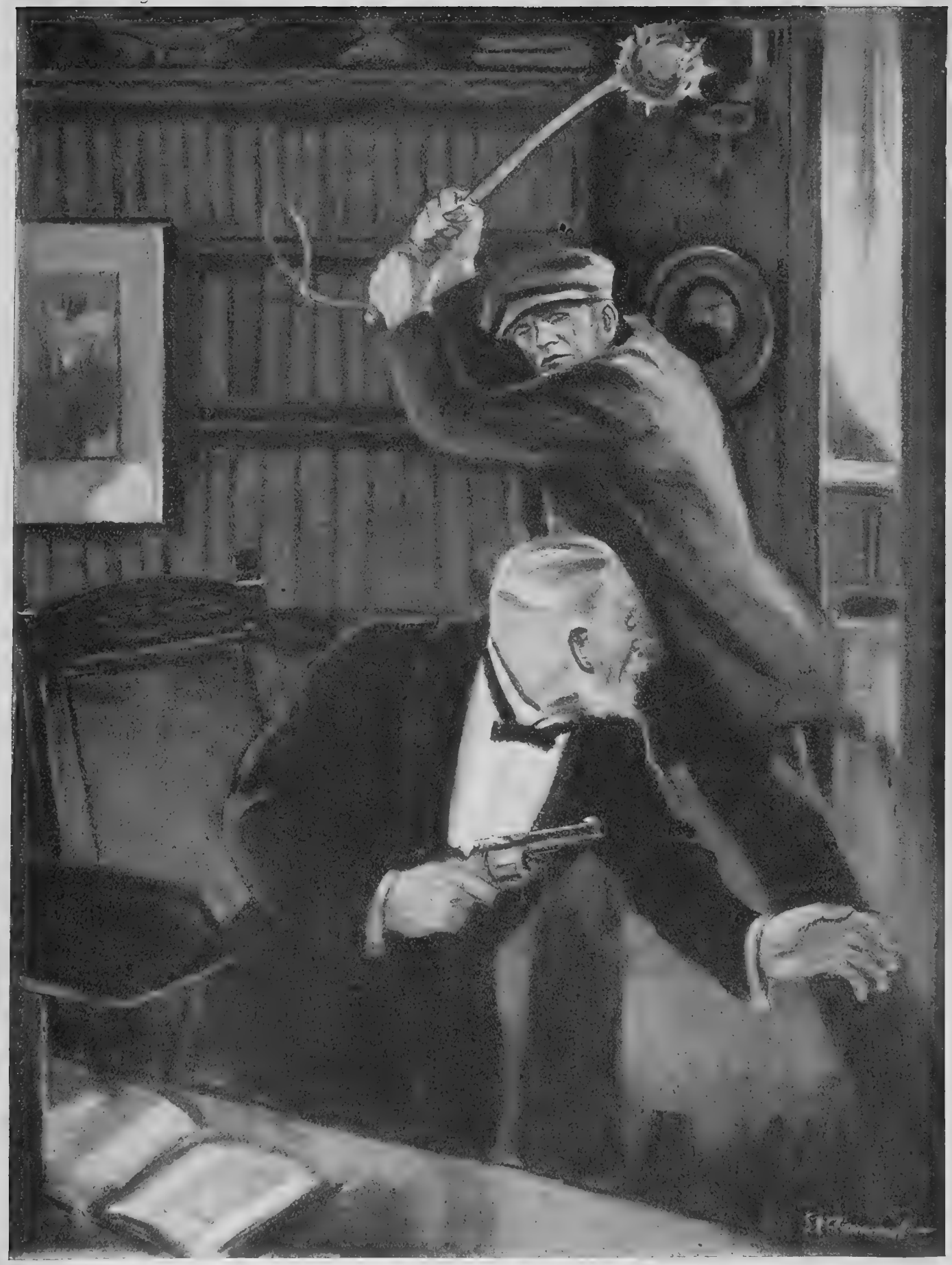

General Cameron suddenly threw himself forward and sidewise out of the chair just as the knobbed stick descended.

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"Well?" Tom repeated harshly. "What did he say, Nan? Did you see him?"

The girl did not change her position.

"No," she replied tonelessly. "He wouldn't see me. He sent out word by the butler—a new man who didn't know me—that he had no daughter. That his daughter died six years ago."

Tom raised a clinched fist and swore vindictively.

"The old devil—the—the—" He paused suddenly, a cunning look creeping into his eyes, and sighed. "Well," he went on in an altered tone, "I suppose he's justified in feeling as he does. I certainly busted up his pet scheme of marrying you to the son—and millions—of his old pal, and I guess the matter of the jewels and money made him sore, too. I suppose he thinks he did all that was to be expected when he didn't prosecute me."

He was not taking the failure of this last forlorn hope—the appeal to the father she had outraged by her marriage to his discharged and disgraced secretary—in the expected and normal manner. *She* had known it was hopeless from the first. She had hurt General Cameron in his tenderest spot—his pride. And she knew it was not love of her—there was little of that between them for he had never forgiven her her sex—that had prevented his prosecuting Tom for embezzlement and theft, but his fetish—the family honor.

Tom, however, had been more sanguine, had persuaded and overbourne her; it was typical of his weakness that he should have convinced himself that the old man *must* relent, if for no other reason than that it was his, Tom's, only hope, and it was for this reason, and because she knew him so well, that his attitude surprised her. Had he cursed and raved and accused her of playing him false she would have understood; but this— Slowly she opened one hand and dropped a crumpled ten-dollar bill on the table.

"Susan—my old maid—saw me from a window," she said bitterly. "She ran out the back way and intercepted me. She made me take that. It was all she had."

Tom seized it eagerly. It would supply—artificially—the one thing he needed now—courage.

"Good for her," he exclaimed. "She's—" he broke off as a new idea struck him. "You saw her," he went on. "Couldn't she get word to your mother? The old lady isn't such a—so hard. Maybe she—"

"No!" interrupted the girl, harshly, decisively. "She couldn't—and wouldn't. I wouldn't have her. Mother believes me dead. Father arranged all that. I was supposed to have died when our baby died five years ago. She was stronger then; able to be about the house a little. Now she is confined to her bed and a wheel-chair. And—Susan told me something else."

Tom rose and going to the swing doors called to Dan for two whiskeys, waiting there till Casey brought them. One he drank standing. The other he set before him on the table. He seemed to divine that he would need bracing up for Susan's news.

"Well?" he asked.

"Uncle Richard—father's brother—is dead," Nan continued. "Father is bringing young Dick—my cousin—home. He is going to adopt him legally—make him his heir. He has always wanted a boy; that is why he has never been fond of me—*I* couldn't go to West Point."

With a hand that trembled Tom gulped down the other drink. He eyed his wife dully for a space then—

"Has—has he done it yet?" he asked, steadying his voice with an effort.

"Dick and Aunt Sally are expected tomorrow," replied Nan. "The papers are all drawn, Susan says, and are to be signed as soon as they arrive. Father is going to make a will, too—he never has, you know."

Tom drew a long breath.

"Well," he said with unwonted philosophy, "It can't be helped. Maybe I'll get a job somewhere tomorrow. Maybe this is the turning point, Nan. Don't worry. You can stay with Mrs. Murphy again tonight, can't you? She's a rough-neck but—"

"She's a good friend," interrupted Nan, rising. "Yes, I can stay with her. How about you?"

It was habit more than concern that prompted the question. All that sort of thing had gone long ago. She had stuck to her husband because—because she was that kind, that was all.

"Oh, Dan will let me sleep in the back room," Tom answered with elaborate carelessness. "He has before. He has to lock me in, but that's all right. I'll be safe here. Can't get into trouble before seven in the morning anyway."

Again the girl looked at him curiously, puzzled by his manner. He wasn't drunk—at least no more so than usual, but he certainly wasn't normal. He acted—as he himself would have expressed it—like a man who "had something up his sleeve."

Tom accompanied his wife to the corner where lived the good-hearted scrub-woman, who, when they had finally been dispossessed of their miserable tenement room had taken pity on the girl and allowed her to share a mattress with three of her own extensive brood, then he turned back towards Casey's.

Yes, he did have something up his sleeve. He knew exactly what he was going to do. Sitting in the saloon that afternoon, staring hour after hour at the flat beer before him, he had planned it all out to the last detail.

Dan usually closed up before eleven; often before ten, for there was little or no business these days. By that time he, Tom, would be drunk, and apparently asleep, in the back room. Dan would leave him there, lock up and go home.

No one knew that one of the bars in a back window in the cellar was loose and could easily be slipped out of its socket. He had loosened it himself the first time Dan had locked him in—inadvertantly, not knowing he was there—when he had wakened in the grey dawn and sought a way out. He had never mentioned the matter to Dan, nor had he replaced the chipped masonry around the bar. *That* he would do when he came back from his night's adventure.

By eleven at latest, then, he would be on his way. It would take him an hour and a half, he calculated, to reach General Cameron's place on Long Island. He would strike the theatre crowd, he knew, and there was safety in crowds. No one would recognize him he was sure. There was a vast difference between the unshaven, pasty-faced derelict of today and the aggressive, well-dressed and clear-eyed secretary of six years ago.

A walk of a mile by back streets would bring him to the Cameron place, and there he was on familiar ground. Well he knew the almost military discipline the old martinet maintained in his home. Sometime

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"Well?" Tom repeated harshly. "What did he say?" "Father wouldn't see me," replied Nan. "He sent out word that his daughter died six years ago."

after dinner—sooner or later, as his whim or circumstances directed, but never later than midnight—the general would retire to his library—a huge room in a separate wing of the rambling building, shut off from the rest of the house by double, sound-proof doors. Then woe betide the unfortunate who disturbed him—servant or member of the family.

He knew the house, too, as a man knows the home he has lived in for two years or more. He knew the armory next to the library, where was displayed the general's collection of weapons of war from the blow-pipe and poison arrows of the Brazilian aborigines to the latest development in automatics; from the stone ax of the cave man to the modern cavalry sabre. He remembered one weapon in particular; a sort of war club—a supple, springy stick nearly four feet long with a heavy, knobby ball on the end. He knew its exact position on the wall, not three steps from the door that opened directly behind the general's chair as he sat at his desk. Most important of all—vital in fact—*he still had his key to the house.* No one remembered that—not even Nan.

It was all too easy. To enter; to pass from the dimly lighted hall to the library wing; thence into the armory—to the library door—a swift, silent blow—a hasty collection of any handy cash and small articles of value—to give the impression of robbery and to be dropped into the river later—then away by a window in the armory, leaving it open behind him. A walk of a mile or two cross country; a trolley, elevated, subway—the cellar window—and it was done.

None to suspect *him.* If they did, Dan had locked him in, drunk and asleep at eleven o'clock. At seven he would be there, still asleep, but—though no one but himself would know that—no longer the down and out bum, Tom Marvin, but Thomas Wentworth Marvin, Esq., husband of the beautiful Nan Cameron, heiress to several millions. No one could ever know the truth, unless he himself chose to tell.

Unconsciously he straightened his bent shoulders, threw back his head. With a shock he realized that he was at the corner where the night before he had paused to listen to the street preacher.

"Murder will out!"

He seemed to hear the words again. It was a moment before he realized that he, himself, had repeated them aloud—and he shuddered. "Like hell!" he muttered, pulling himself together with a shaky laugh. "There'll be no one to 'out' it unless I do it myself."

And he hurried on towards Casey's, gripping the remaining bills of Susan's ten dollars in his trembling hand.

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Silence shrouded the huge library at Cameron House. Silence, unbroken except for the ticking of the tall grandfather's clock in the corner and the faint scratching of a pen. At a massive desk General Horace Cameron sat writing. It was an absorbing task he was engaged upon—to him at least—a history of the American army from Washington's time, but absorbing though it was, the keen ears of the old soldier were too well-trained to miss the faint click that followed the cautious turning of the latch behind him.

He did not move at once; he did not even raise his head; only his whole body slowly tensed and the drawer before him slid open until his fingers closed around the butt of a heavy service revolver.

Still he did not move, sitting as if in deep thought, the pen in his right hand poised, his left gripping the revolver, until warned by some sixth sense, or perhaps by a reflection in the glass top of the desk, he suddenly threw himself forward and sidewise out of the chair just as the knobbed stick descended.

The blow had missed its mark, but it had a double effect, unexpected by both the assassin and his victim. The heavy knob, meeting no resistance, bent the supple haft of the weapon almost double over the chair back, wrenching it out of the assailant's hand; then, rebounding, as if bent on placing the opponents upon equal terms, the haft struck the revolver from the general's hand.

For a moment the two glared at each other in silence.

"So it's you, Marvin, you damned scoundrel," said the general, at last, with a grim and quite mirthless smile. "The thief turns murderer, eh?"

Marvin's liquor-inspired nerve broke utterly. Half crazed by terror, desperate, cornered, trapped, he flung himself on his knees with a hoarse, scarcely articulate plea for mercy, but the general mistook his motive; unused to the grovelling of cowards, he imagined Marvin was trying to recover the club, and hurling him aside he grasped the weapon himself and stood erect.

But the scroll of Fate was already woven. The old soldier could not alter that decree. Even as he cringed on the floor Marvin's groping hand encountered the revolver. The touch of it flooded him with hope, and the courage of desperation; there was a flash—a report—and the general sagged back against the desk, his left hand gripping at his breast, the club dropping from his relaxing right.

With a snarl of triumph Marvin sprang to his feet. It was done. He was safe. Who said he hadn't the guts? No sound of the shot could reach the main part of the house he well knew. He had now only to finish the job as he had planned and slip quietly away. Dan was right—the preacher *was* a nut. "Murder will out!" It was to laugh. The secret was safe unless he, himself—

The general was sinking lower and lower, his glazing eyes focussed upon the face of his murderer. His lips moved, but no sound came. Marvin stared, fascinated. The general straightened a little, leaning heavily upon the desk; a bloody foam rose to his lips, and then suddenly, without warning, with a swift backward movement he whirled the club, and with the last remnant of his dying strength hurled it straight in Marvin's face. There was a muffled groan and———

Two bodies crashed heavily to the floor.

. . . . .

Silence again shrouded the library of Cameron House, broken now only by the ticking of the clock. Silence and death and, perhaps — Something else.

The soft light of the lamp still flooded the desk, the unfinished manuscript, the abandoned pen. On the floor the two bodies lay as they had fallen, motionless, inert.

The clock ticked on. "Tick, tock, tick. Tick, tock, tick!" "Murder will out! Murder will out!"

Presently one of the bodies stirred, moaned. Then the man sat up, gazing around with dazed, aberrant eyes which suddenly concentrated as they fell upon the body, sprawled face downward and half under the desk. Swiftly he stood up, picking up the revolver as he did so.

"Dead," he said tersely, and, turning, opened one of the French windows, stepped out upon the dark veranda and deliberately fired three shots in the air.

Almost immediately a hail answered his signal. There was the rasp of brakes suddenly applied; a sound of shifting gears that told of a motor-car hurriedly turned around; then the glare of headlights down the road and in a moment three men came running across the lawn, the pale starlight glinting on the brass buttons that adorned the coats of two of them.

"That you, General?" hailed one, who, had the light been better, would have been seen to wear the insignia of a chief of police. "What's wrong?"

"Attempted murder, that's all," replied the man on the veranda. "I think I've killed the blackguard," he added with unconcealed satisfaction.

The chief whistled. "Lucky we were passing," he returned. "This is Professor Knapp, psychology sharp over at Hale. He is interested in police work, and I've been showing him—What the Hell!"

They had passed into the lighted room as they were speaking and now all were looking at the body by the desk. All, that is, except the chief. He was staring blankly at the man who had summoned them.

A Big Special

THE May issue of POLICE MAGAZINE will be greatly enlarged and filled with articles and stories of appealing interest. It will be a Special International Police Conference Number, issued in honor of the great meeting of police chiefs from all over the world, which convenes in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria on May 12th to 16th inclusive. While the number will present fascinating facts about the Conference the popular illustrated features, which make POLICE MAGAZINE unique, will be published as usual and in abundant quantity. Do not miss this big double number out on April 25th.

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"I am sorry to say it is Tom Marvin," the latter was saying calmly. "My ex-secretary and—and the man who married my daughter six years ago. He had evidently heard of my intention to adopt my nephew, Robert, and disinherit my daughter, and came to forestall my action. I fear he is dead, officer," he added as the other policeman stooped over the body. I hurled the club at him and saw the knob strike his forehead just as I fainted from the bullet wound—" His hand sought his breast and a puzzled look came into his eyes. "He certainly shot me," he said vaguely. "In the left breast—just over the heart. I—"

The chief started forward and seized him by the arm.

"Look here," he demanded angrily. "What sort of stuff—"

But the professor was at his side whispering eagerly, almost pleadingly, in his ear. "Wait," he implored. "Let me talk to him. I understand it, I think." Then, turning to the other: "You say he shot you?"

"He certainly did," was the reply. "I felt the bullet strike. I was seated at my desk. I heard someone behind me—the opening of the armory door—and got my revolver from the drawer. Then, as he struck, I dodged out of my chair and faced him. It was Tom Marvin. The blow missed, but the force of it wrenched the club from his hand and the haft knocked the gun from mine. We both sprang for the club, which lay between us, but I threw him aside and got it. By bad luck he fell near the gun, seized it and shot me. Then I hurled the club and he fell, just as I lost consciousness. That is all."

"Father always wanted a boy; that is why he has never been fond of me—I couldn't go to West Point."

"Not quite," said the professor. Stepping across the room he took from the wall an antique Florentine mirror and returning held it before the other's face.

"Look," he commanded quietly.

The other looked at the face reflected there. Amazement, horror, comprehension without understanding, and then terror—wild, annihilating—flitted across his features in rapid succession.

"Murder will out!" he shrieked, and even as he had fallen under the blow of the general's club, Tom Marvin plunged unconscious to the floor.

. . . . . .

"An interesting case of transposed—or, more correctly, superimposed—identity," said the professor to the chief late that afternoon. "Here we have a young man of fair education and some refinement, his mental forces weakened and his nervous system disrupted by liquor, drugs and general indulgences. At the end of his rope, desperate, he plans a crime. But he is in no sense a confirmed or hardened criminal. The chance words of a street preacher make a deep impression upon him—deeper, probably, subconsciously than consciously. Nevertheless, he perfects his plan. Perfects it so carefully that—as his ravings show—he was convinced no one could ever learn the truth—*unless he told it himself*.

"Remember, now, his weakened brain held two suggestions. That 'murder will out,' received from the street preacher as Casey's evidence shows, and the possibility that he himself might give himself away—the latter either also from the preacher or auto-suggestive—possibly from a subconscious memory of Poe's story, 'The Imp of the Perverse.' Now, he commits the crime and is struck down by the general. Partially recovering he sees the body on the floor—in the shadow of the desk, its face concealed. He sees the club beside it—the club that was Tom Marvin's weapon. His disordered mind sees, in the body, Tom Marvin. He assumes the identity of the general—and acts as he would. He *does* give himself away. Murder *does* out. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I do *not*," replied the chief, grinning a little grimly. "It sounds like sense but it doesn't mean anything, professor — at least to me."

"Well, try this explanation," smiled the professor. "It's more psychical than psychological, but it may appeal to you more. Struck down at the same second, the general, dying or dead, Marvin, profoundly unconscious, the ego, conscious entity, soul, spirit—call it what you will—of the general, seizes temporary control of Marvin's body and exposes him. Is that better?"

The chief shook his head unconvinced.

"Tell it to Conan Doyle," he observed gloomily. "You don't believe that yourself, professor. Just the same," he added, "it fits in with the doctor's theories better than the first one. He says that normally Marvin could not have recovered consciousness from a blow like that for an hour at the very least—which he didn't with the exception of the few minutes he was masquerading as the general, which he doesn't remember now at all."

(*Continued on page* 47)

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The receiving party and local police guard of honor attending Commissioner Enright upon his arrival at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Dr. Carlos De Arraxellas Galvo, Assistant Commissioner of Police, is the young man at the left.

Our Neighbors to the South

A Plea for a Better Understanding of and a Closer Relationship with the Great South American Republics

By Hon. Richard E. Enright

Police Commissioner of New York City

FOR many years Africa was regarded as the "Dark Continent" until the great explorers Stanley and Livingston, and the enterprising genius of Cecil Rhodes and his compatriots illuminated that vast continent, and to-day it is an open book, and we are quite as familiar with Africa and all that it stands for as we are with our nearest neighbors or any of the nations across the sea.

But to most North Americans, South America is still a dark continent. We know, or we pretend to know, something of the great republics of the South, something of the people of South America and something of the vast territory over which they hold sway. We know, or we pretend to know, something of their governments, something of their institutions, something of their traditions, something of their ideals, but if that information really exists, it is confined to the very few who have made it a special study, while, so far as our people generally are concerned, South America is still a "terra incognito" for, except in a most general way, the average North American is benighted so far as real knowledge of the people of South America, their government and their institutions are concerned.

Perhaps it is not our fault that South America has been Europeanized instead of North Americanized. South America was discovered, explored and settled by the peoples of the Latin races of Southern Europe while North America was discovered, explored and settled,

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for the most part, by people who came from the countries occupying the northern part of Europe, and, even after the South American republics, within the last century, shook off the political chains that bound them to the Old World, still the wealthy, educated, influential and social forces remained loyal to the traditions of their European antecedents, and consequently their institutions, and their social and business life are based upon traditions and ideals entirely different from those which prevail in North America.

We have been very busy with our own affairs in the United States during the past century, and more particularly during the past fifty years, which has seen our country grow and expand in every direction until it is to-day in reality, even if it is not completely acknowledged, the foremost nation of the world.

We have been absorbed in our own affairs and business, the building of the great railroads, development of rivers and harbors, and the promotion of the vast commercial enterprises and educational institutions which have spread their influence throughout the world. We, therefore, have been too busy to interest ourselves, except in a most general way, in promoting business or social intercourse with other nations, and through our seeming neglect, the nations of Europe have taken advantage of their opportunity to extend and consolidate their influence in all parts of South America.

We, of the United States, have also been handicapped to a considerable extent in developing business and social intercourse with our sister republics of South America, because of the lack of adequate means of transportation, for it has only been within the past decade that adequate ships have sailed regularly from the ports of the United States to the great ports on the eastern and western coasts of South America.

It is only within very recent years that the route from New York to Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires, to Lima or Valparaiso, led direct from New York, for as you know, the shortest and best route for many years was by way of Liverpool.

It has been only within the past decade also, or even within the past few years, that adequate cable communications have been established between North America and South America, and for this great enterprise we are forever indebted to the founder of the American Cables, Inc., James A. Scrymser, and to his brilliant successor, Mr. John L. Merrill, President of that great corporation, for the extension and development of a first-class line of communication between North and South America.

What was true of transportation, was also true of communication for the quickest and really only means of communication with South America, other than the mails, was by way of European cables.

We have also had the difficulty of language to overcome, and difference of language is one of the greatest barriers in business and social intercourse. It is very difficult to have the lady at your right pass you the pepper unless she understands what you are saying, and so far as engaging in entertaining conversation or making yourself agreeable, that is almost out of the question.

We will only establish complete social and business intercourse with South America when the boys and girls of North America have been taught the Spanish language, and have made themselves familiar with the governments, people, institutions, ideals and traditions of South America, as it is written in their own language, and until they are able, personally or otherwise, to communicate with them in their own tongue.

I think I am quite as familiar with history as it is taught in our schools as most people of our country, yet in my schooldays, and I think very little improvement has since been made, we received little or no education respecting South America, its people, its governments and general affairs. Indeed, we were told quite as much about China, Japan or the South Sea Islands as we were told of the government and people of the great Southern Continent.

How many of the school children of North America know anything worth while of the story of General San Martin, the "Washington of South America"? As I understood it from the books that I then read in school, this title was generally accorded to General Bolivar, who was indeed one of the greatest figures in the history of South America, and the liberator of several of the northern republics of the Southern Continent, but, great as was Bolivar, his fame and his achievements must take second place to that of General San Martin, whose glorious military exploits and sound political judgment wrought the salvation and independence of the greater part of South America.

It was General San Martin who, organizing his ragged and poorly equipped battalions of brave men, such as enlisted under the banners of our own Washington, crossed the mighty Andes and won victory and independence for a large part of South America on the battlefields of Chacabuco and Maipú.

And how many of our school children know anything of the story of that superb General Sucre who, on the field of Ayacucho, leading his brave and undaunted battalion numbering one-quarter the military strength of the forces brought against him by Imperial Spain, won there a victory which ended forever Spanish domination in South America?

What do we know of General Belgrano, the hero of the Argentine or the marvelous Monk Beltran who, issuing forth from his monastery at Mendoza and gathering about him his colleagues, and with the support and coöperation of the people of the countryside, personally built and operated the forges in which were moulded the implements of war which were necessary for the victory that the Napoleonic San Martin was to shortly win across the Andes on the Plains of Chile?

These are some of the things we do not know and they, only in a small way, illustrate our lamentable lack of information of South America, its traditions and affairs.

Adequate school books in both Spanish and English, dealing with South America, should be added to the curriculum in all of our schools and colleges, and by every means through our literature, our magazines and our other publications, the people of our country should be speedily brought closer in contact with the people of South America, their business and their affairs.

So far as the people of South America are concerned, they have in the past experienced the same difficulty as ourselves—the difficulties attending the lack of adequate transportation, adequate communication, the difficulty of language—and I presume they have taught their children very little of the story of the people of North America, but I am inclined to think that they have done better in this respect than we have.

(*Continued on page* 48)

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¶ *"MacTavish Shot me and I'll scrag him for it when I get well," the murdered man had written.*

The Hole in the Law

A True Story Wherein a Self-Acknowledged Homicide Remained Outside the Reach of all Legal Machinery

ANOTHER THRILLING NARRATIVE TOLD TO ROBERT SHIRLEY

By Inspector Daniel Gregory

Illustrated by MAURICE GRIFFENHAGEN

"I SEE they passed three of the boys through the electric grill up at Sing Sing yesterday," remarked Jim Preston when the old mutton-chopped waiter with the broken arches placed the coffee cups on the table. "We may have the longest murder record in the world, and we may let about seven out of every ten of them get away on one or another slim excuse, but once the good old law gets its hooks on them, they don't wiggle off very easily."

Inspector Dan Gregory smiled thoughtfully as he stirred his cup. Here was an old-timer on the New York police force. He had begun as a bright-eyed, alert, snappy youngster in the days when Tom Byrnes ran the Department largely from his "night office," as he liked to call it. For those who don't recall the halcyon days of Byrnes it may be said that the "night office" was the doorway of a shoe store on the south side of Twenty-ninth Street just east of Broadway, and almost opposite the side entrance of the old Gilsey House. There the "Super", as he was generally known, stood in the shadow and received his henchmen as they slid up in the quiet of the evening, made their reports out of the sides of their mouths, and as silently slipped away. Man after man from all sections of the city came out of and disappeared into the shadows of the city while Byrnes pulled quietly on his long cigar and spoke in monosyllables. New York was Manhattan Island then, and Brooklyn was a separate city. Probably the total population under Byrnes' jurisdiction was a million and three-quarters, but it was a busy population. "Butch" Thompson's "White Elephant" was running on Thirty-first Street where an automat now collects its nickels; Alex. Williams had just come up-town to take over the police district which had its headquarters in the old Thirtieth Street station, and thereby began to indite history; Big Bill Devery had begun to form the habit of sitting on the "pump" at Twenty-eighth Street and Eighth Avenue; and Hungry Joe was given to an occasional stroll up and down Broadway. Those were among the high spots surrounding Dan Gregory's induction to the blue and brass. Now Gregory was entitled to wear a gold shield on his uniform coat. He was thin-lipped, quizzical-eyed, inclined to clipped speech, but very human. Still slender and as active as an alley-cat, his short, gray hair and close-cropped moustache gave him an air of delicacy. Now he smiled.

"The law can't always make good, Jimmy," he said. "Now and again it catches a man who gives it the coarse laugh and brushes its grip from his shoulder. Those poor devils who 'went west' yesterday were just the common grist of the law-mill. But there is a different sort, and given all the cards he needs to hold he does his killing and walks the streets as free as air."

"You mean that the job is done so secretly the crime is never found out?" asked Preston.

"Oh, no, I don't," replied Gregory with a smile. "I mean that while many murders are avenged, now and again there are a few that fall into another category, not because the criminals are not known, but because they can't be convicted, even if they were to be arrested. New York's seen quite a few killings where never an arrest was made, though the Department knows to all practical intents just when and where and how and by whom the job was done."

"That sounds foolish," observed Preston, frowning.

"No, it's quite sane," returned Gregory. "It's a moral certainty, but a conviction could never be obtained. And they happen outside of New York, too. There was——" he paused and I saw a look of keen interest flash into his eye as our old waiter ushered a tall, aristocratic fellow in a lieutenant-colonel's uniform to the table ten feet from us. Gregory eyed him for a moment, bit the end from a cigar, lighted it, and resumed.

"I was going to say I remembered a case," and here his eyes rested again on the man in uniform, "that illustrates the ease with which one of the many holes in the criminal law can be used. Since you're interested I'll tell you about it." And here are the facts Inspector Gregory told.

. . . . . .

"It's quite a few years back when I was still a precinct skipper. My regular annual two weeks' vacation came around and I figured I'd be just as well off if I got as far away from New York as my limited time would let me. It wasn't distance I craved so much, but a chance to get clear of other people's troubles

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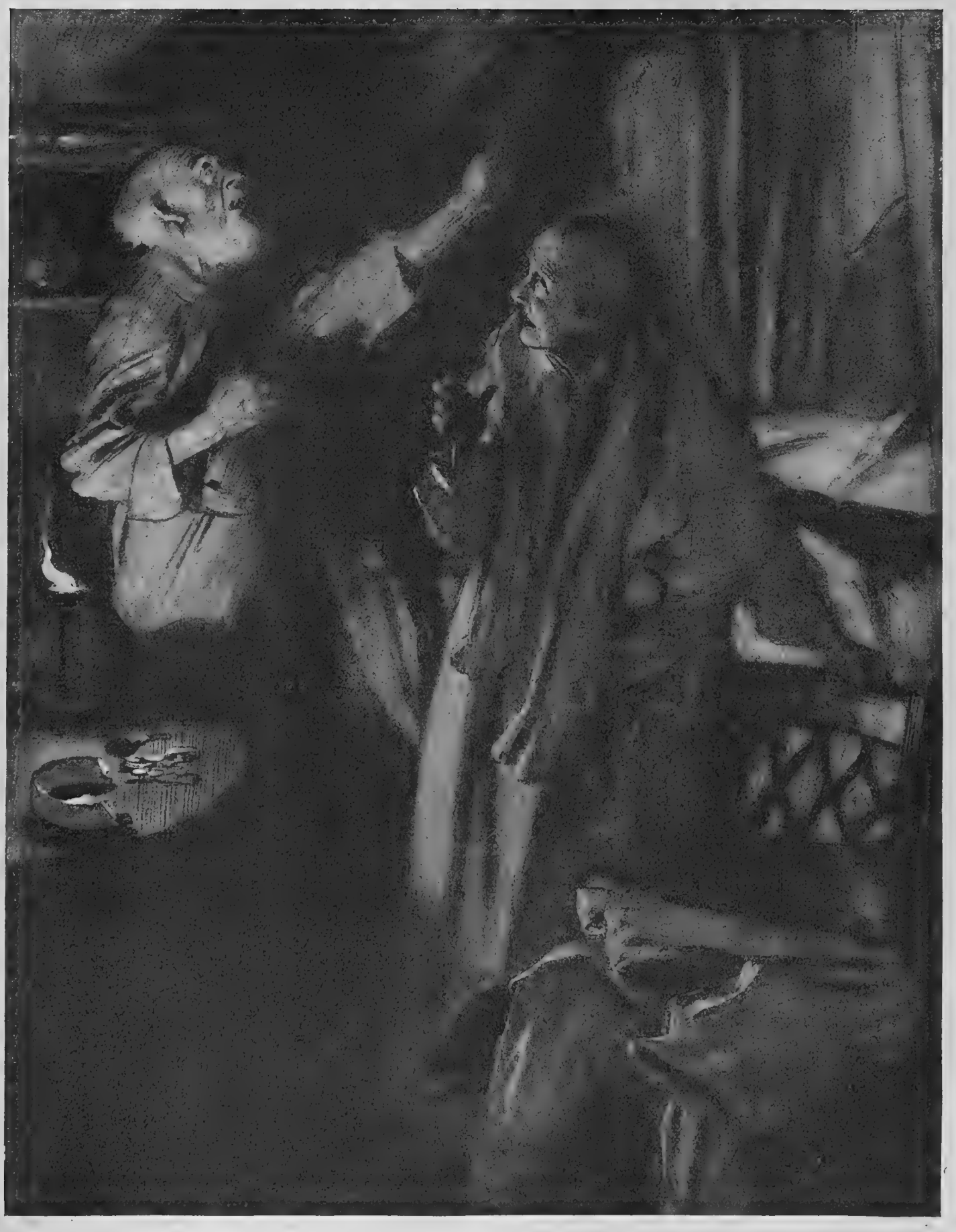

The old man raged up and down the room as nearly insane as a man can be. The poor old mother was frightened to the verge of shock. She feared what her husband might do when he cooled a little.

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and misdeeds. So I went down into Pennsylvania. I'd seen a picture postal of a little town on a river, and I liked it, so I went there. The first day I walked the main street I met Fred Clark, who used to be a deputy inspector up in Harlem, and who had retired three years before. I supposed he had gone off somewhere to live on his pension, but he didn't want to rust out, so he'd taken on the job of chief of police in this little town. He had three men under him, two for night duty, and one on traffic work in the daytime.

Naturally, he invited me around to his office, and we had a great time smoking and talking old times for two days. Then came an explosion that brought the Philadelphia newspaper men down to the place on the run. "Biff" Welch, the high-flying son of the local banker, and officially the town sport, was shot within five hundred feet of the bank at nine in the evening. He lived four hours and before he died scrawled his name on a piece of paper under just thirteen words. The next morning everybody in town knew what the thirteen words were and mentally looked towards Fred Clark. A whole day passed and Fred made no move to arrest anyone, and then the town seethed, for Welch's statement said:

"MacTavish shot me and I'll scrag him for it when I get well."

Glenn MacTavish was the young Scotch golf professional out at the country club. He'd been there three years, having come over from Aberdeen on the invitation of some of the wealthy members of the club. I'd seen him come into the hotel dining-room the night before and had been told who he was. I liked him on sight. About six feet, upstanding, good shoulders, gray eyes, a tinge of red in his hair, he smiled like a man and acted like a boy whose mind is right and clean.

Two days passed and the local paper made a dead set for Chief Clark's scalp. Why didn't he arrest MacTavish? Had he been bribed to let the murderer escape? Since when did a peace officer so baldly neglect his sworn duty, and why? If Clark would not act in the face of the foul murder of one of the town's most promising young men, cut off in the flower of his glowing youth, then let him be removed. And much more.

At the hotel the waitress had seated me across from a lanky youngster of about twenty-eight or thirty. Also she introduced us, and I learned he was Harry Mitchell, one of the three lawyers of the community. We talked a little and I think we hit it off. Later I met him with Clark, and Fred told him I came from the Department here. I was in my room at the hotel about eleven on the third night after the shooting when there came a tap on the door. Opening it I found Mitchell and MacTavish outside.

"Can we come in? I want to talk to you," said the former, and I stood aside to let them enter. MacTavish looked pale and worried; Mitchell was frankly wearing wrinkles about his eyes.

"Well?" I said when they were seated. Mitchell closed the transom into the hall, hitched his chair closer to mine and looked me straight in the eye.

"You're a New York police officer and out of your jurisdiction," he said. "Mac here is my client, and things are due to be pretty hot for him. I'm hoping you'll let me tell you a story, just as a man, and that you'll forget you ever saw a police station."

I looked from one to the other of them, and perhaps I frowned a little, because I'm slow to understand.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Where does Clark figure in this?"

"Confidentially, he suggested we talk with you," replied Mitchell. "Of course it is understood that all this is just between us and goes no further. I'll tell you the facts and you can then ask any questions you like.

"First, Mac did shoot Welch. We'll admit that to you for the sake of argument. Second, he did the community a service, in my opinion. Third, he isn't going to run away from the consequences, if I can prevent it."

"If he admits killing Welch how does he expect to get away with it?" I asked.

"That's the thing we'll talk about," returned Mitchell. "Now here's the story. First, with all due respect to the dead, 'Biff' Welch was about the dirtiest rotter this or any other town has ever seen. He was so putrid that his mother died of a broken heart because of him. His father is only about two jumps ahead of him morally, and anybody going into the bank of a morning might expect to find a widow's cow tethered there, which means that the old man was about the bitterest Shylock with which any community was ever afflicted.

" 'Biff' was the only human who ever got the old man to loosen up his purse-strings. He always had plenty of money, and used it as money was never meant to be used. You know, Captain Gregory," he went on, "that in every town there are a few foolish young girls. Well, this son of Welch's was the human buzzard that preyed on that sort. He had a car and ran credit at a few road-houses, stood in with the local bootlegger, and hid behind his father's money. Maybe you don't know what the banker means to a town like this. Hardly a man living here but can be made to feel the power of his hand. He knows more about them and their affairs than they do themselves. He can make or break half of them with a crook of his finger. And that goes for the farmers round about, too. They may hate him to the marrow, but most of them will cringe. You read the *Banner's* eulogy? I'll bet you that Brady felt like vomiting when he wrote that, but he had to, for Welch holds the mortgage on the printing plant, and Brady's wife has been an invalid for a year.

"Four girls have been driven out of town by the shame young Welch brought on them. Then he started after another—I'll have to tell it, Mac," he interrupted at the Scotchman's silent protest. "It's all or nothing. Jessie Pringle is the daughter of as fine and decent an old couple as this town holds. Jessie sings in the choir, or rather she did sing in the choir. She and Mac were halfway engaged. Then things began to go wrong. Jessie wouldn't see him finally, and when she did at last told him she wanted nothing more to do with him. Mac tried to get an explanation, and failed. She wouldn't talk to him.

"That went on for a month, and then Jessie began to be seen with Welch. The girl seemed reckless, and they were out at Ripley's Corners two or three times every week. That's a tough joint where anyone can get rotten rum, and where they have an apology for a jazz orchestra. Mac here went partially off his dip, I suppose, as he had a license to do in my opinion. He finally got an interview with Jessie, found her half intoxicated with the liquor that Welch had forced on her, and learned that she had lost faith in him because she said she knew he had been running around with other girls. Finally she told him she had proof. Welch

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had shown her a letter from Mac to a girl over at Yardley making plans for an elopement and containing a slurring remark about Jessie. You can see what a thing like that would do to a girl like Jessie Pringle.

"A week later Jessie's father sent for Mac. He went out to their home and found the old people in a frenzy. Jessie had suddenly left town for Philadelphia, they told him. To her mother the girl had confessed. It was just the usual brutal sort of story, and we don't need to go into the details. The old man raged up and down the room as nearly insane as a man can be. The poor old mother was frightened to the verge of shock. She was terrified for her daughter and horribly afraid for her husband, and she feared what he might do when he cooled a little.

"Welch was the man in the case of course, and for two weeks or more he had used every dirty art he knew on Jessie, almost frantic herself at what she believed was the defection of her lover. The tale is as old as the hills themselves. When the girl told him what her situation was he laughed and said he was through with her, and that she could go back to Mac if she wanted to.

"All this happened four nights ago. The effect on Mac can be imagined. His kind don't take that sort of thing too easily. He went after Welch, found him, and proceeded to beat him to a pulp. Welch pulled a gun and in the fight the gun went off and Welch got the bullet. There's the story."

I looked at MacTavish and what I saw made me reach out and take his hand. The boy sat there with the hard, strained look on his face that comes with an inside torment that liquid fire won't duplicate. Tears stood in his eyes and dripped down his tanned cheeks, and I could feel the twitching of the man's muscles.

"The jury will probably make it second degree murder," I said. "It was plainly an accidental shooting."

MacTavish shook his head.

"'Twas no accident," he said thickly. "Him havin' th' gun was an accident an ye like, but as there's a God above me I'd a' killed him onyway. 'Twas my fairm intention. Th' beast! Tae spoil my Jessie! Mon, had he ten lives I'd a' strangled every one o' them doon his throat, an' I'll no say itherwise!"

So that was that. There was the situation that faced Mitchell I could see. His client was going to get on the witness stand and repeat that cheerful confession to a jury largely composed of his victim's clients. As far as I could see he had about as much chance as the proverbial snowball in hades, and I said so, but Mitchell shook his head.

"Not on your life, Captain," he said. "You've got me all wrong. I haven't the least fear of any jury bringing in a verdict in this case."

"But Clark will have to arrest him, sooner or later," I insisted. "He can't help it with that accusation staring at him."

"Clark knows where we stand in this case. He knows that accusation or no accusation there isn't a chance to convict Mac if he plays the game my way."

I'll confess this lanky lawyer gave me a jolt, for if I ever wanted a plain open and shut case for a sure conviction I would then have asked for no easier task than to convict MacTavish. Why the thing was child's play! And I said so.

"You've got this wrong, Captain," said Mitchell. "I know what I'm talking about. Clark won't arrest Mac, on his own initiative. Perhaps some one else will take the responsibility, and then he'll go to trial, but they won't convict him, and I'll stake my hopes for the next twenty years on that. That isn't what I want of you. It's something else, something——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Will you tell me how any sane jury could ever fail to convict him if he confesses?"

"The jury won't have the chance to render a verdict," said Mitchell. "Listen to me. It's this way." And he laid the entire situation before me. What he said we'll reserve for a little later, because I have what you'll probably call a perverted sense of the dramatic, and I don't want to spoil an unusual yarn. Anyway, I began to see a great light.

"And now what I want of you is to help me convince Mac that he would be wrong to put his head in the lion's mouth. His job is to help that poor girl, if he loves her as he says he does, and he can't do that if he's locked up in a jail or hanged for murder. I'm not asking him to lie about the thing. I'm not asking anything but that he keep his mouth shut and let me run this thing. No matter what happens, I want you to help me get his promise that he'll say not one word to anyone, one way or another. I'm asking this for Jessie Pringle. You see that rotter, Welch, forged the letter from Mac to the girl over at Yardley, and Jessie knows it. Can't you see that if ever she needed Mac it is now? Help me convince this stubborn Scotsman. That's what I want with you."

It was nearly midnight when Mitchell finished his story. Some of these day's you're going to hear from that gangling lawyer. He has all the makings of a great trial attorney. He has words and knows what to do with them. He has a burning sincerity that sticks out of him as it stuck out of Lincoln, whom he resembles somewhat. Well, it was daylight when we got that Scotch boy to agree to abandon the role of martyr and keep his story inside his own throat. He was to say nothing whatever. Mitchell would refuse to let him testify. Mitchell would conduct the case, and Mitchell promised a successful issue. For the sake of our police success in New York I'm glad there are so few Mitchells practising here.

Next morning the town was in an uproar. The town council ordered Clark to arrest MacTavish, and he refused unless the district attorney for the county ordered the warrant issued and insisted on its serving. And with much foaming the young district attorney did that very thing and boasted that he'd have MacTavish standing on a gibbet within six weeks. He went all about the place making that boast. So Mac was locked up, without bail, of course, and in the next few days the grand jury indicted him.

You might imagine I was going to see that thing through, so when the case came up for trial I got leave of absence and went down to Pennsylvania again. There was little trouble about getting a jury. Mitchell sat quiet and never challenged one talesman. Burt, the district attorney, was having a lovely time. He did all the ground and lofty stunts to point to himself as the tribune of the people. He sneered at Mitchell, and scowled at MacTavish. The judge was tolerant, so much so that I suspected that old Welch held a note or two of his among the other paper in the bank.

Then the case opened. Burt went into action like a

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Hon. Barron Collier, Special Deputy Police Commissioner, New York City and Chief of the Bureau of Public Safety.

Making the Metropolis Safe

Largely Due to One Man's Personal Effort and Money Automobile Accidents are Decreasing

By Henry S. Simpson

BECAUSE human life is the most precious of all the various ingredients that go to the making of the city, it has long been an axiom of government that means must be found for protecting and conserving it. Usually the city's death toll is contributed by three main factors, viz.: crime, or malice; carelessness or negligence, and ignorance.

When the officials in control of New York's Police Department gazed at the mounting total of deaths by accident, it became each year more plainly evident that while the motor-car was undoubtedly to be classed as one of civilization's greatest boons, it was also one of the greatest of mortality's agents. A little careful estimate showed that the metropolitan resident had become quite a hazardous risk since one person out of every six thousand in Greater New York was being killed each year by automobiles, to say little of the toll of injuries and the economic losses caused by motor accidents. The slaughter had progressed to the point where something definite had to be undertaken, so two and one-half years ago—November, 1922, to be exact—Commissioner Richard E. Enright authorized an extension of the work of the Police Department, and called it the Bureau of Public Safety, placing it under the direct supervison of Deputy Commissioner Barron Collier.

The new Bureau did not operate along the usual police lines at all. It was early recognized that the regular department work was adequate to handle deaths by crime, or intention, and that the mounting accident total must be dealt with along informative or educational lines. It was also seen that there were two main contributing factors in the growing death list, the motor-car and the pedestrian. Both these elements were increasing annually. More motor-cars were entering service, more people came to live in the city. In other words, traffic in the city streets had become such a tremendous factor that nearly one-fifth of the available police force had been assigned to its control.

The immediate work of the Bureau of Public Safety was to find out the causes of accidents, and so it began a classification work. Having found out where some of the causes lay, it next set about getting specific information about these causes to the public. While there

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was no desire to adopt scholastic method, it was found that both drivers and walkers were amenable to reason, suggestion and advice. Now, after two years of effort, the net results can be expressed in figures.

In 1923 there were 1,073 deaths from motor vehicles in Greater New York. In 1924 there were 1,042 deaths from motor vehicles in Greater New York. That was a flat reduction of 31 deaths, or, put it another way, 31 persons who would otherwise have been killed were kept alive for the betterment of humanity. But the total saving was bigger than that. The number of motor-cars in New York had tremendously increased in 1924. There were 60,000 more motor vehicles on the city's streets last year. Applying the 1923 figures to this, it means that since the number of fatalities per each 10,000 motor-cars in 1923 was 33.8, the increase in the number of cars in 1924 would have normally produced 202.8 more deaths in that year. There are no definite figures showing the actual increase in the city's population, but the best estimates obtainable put the growth at 100,000 persons, and using the average of one fatality per 6,000 given previously, this increased population would have given 16.6 more fatalities for 1924, or a total of 1,294, whereas instead the actual figures showed, as above quoted, 1,042, or a net saving of 252 lives.

There need be no question as to the value of the new Bureau when that result is contemplated. But there are other savings. As a result of the Bureau's work the number of non-fatal injuries was reduced, in the face of the growing number of cars and increase of population, by 77.1, which, using the increased figures given previously, means that 2,911 persons were saved from being injured in 1924 as a result of the educational work done by the Bureau. It is interesting to note that there was a very marked decrease in the number of fatal accidents to school children under sixteen years of age, and this in the face of a large increase in school registration.

A paragraph or two above, the statement was made that in 1924 Greater New York saw an increase of 60,000 motor vehicles on its streets. Sometimes a graphic illustration in specific terms is more easily understood than figures. Allowing 20 feet to each motor vehicle—and motor-cycles are not included in the 60,000 figure—and placing the vehicles end to end, the line would be 227 miles long, or just the distance between New York and Washington, D. C.

As mentioned, the Bureau's work is purely educational. The Police Commissioner assigned sixteen police lieutenants and twenty-one patrolmen to the work of the Bureau. The lieutenants are the *liaison* officers between the Bureau and the public. They were taught how to speak in public and spend most of their time in making addresses. They gave 937 safety lectures in the public schools, and in this way reached about one-half of the school children of the greater city. Realizing that the drivers must be reached, they held 1,505 meetings in garages, and addressed 36,852 drivers. In

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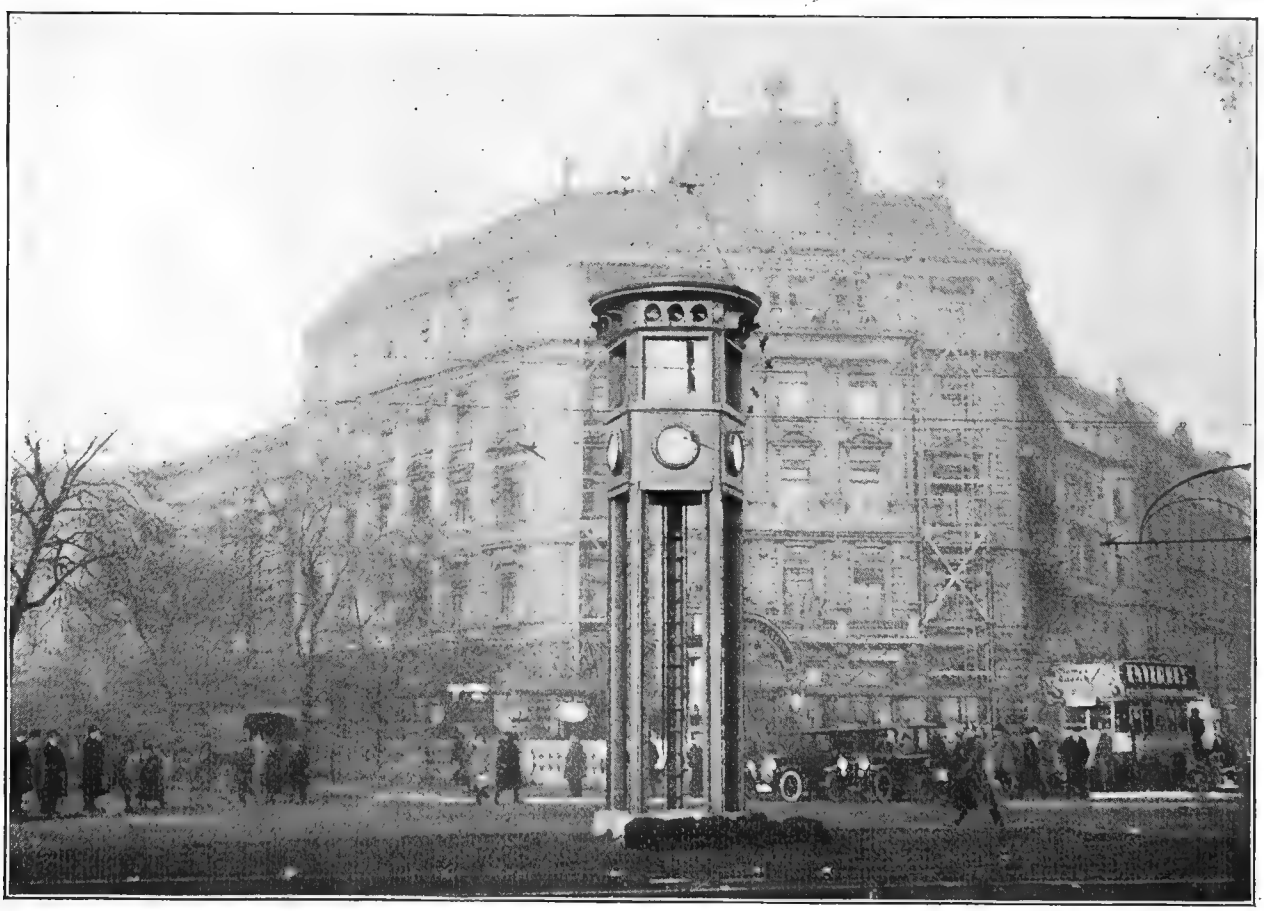

A busy corner in Berlin, Germany, showing one of the recently installed traffic signal-towers, modelled after those of New York City.

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Would he like to have the moon? No, it wasn't much—being in its last quarter. However, there was Venus at the zenith of her glory.

With a voice in which there was mingled resentment and triumph, Jean Paul Laurent rose and shouted, "Give me the star!"

The Mendicant's Star

What Happened to Jean Paul Laurent When He Inadvertently Thwarted a Band of Anarchists in Paris

By G. Frederic Potter

Illustrated by Eugene M. Frandzen *(See Frontispiece)*

Jean Paul Laurent, designated on the Police records of the Prefect of the Department of the Seine as an indigent, of no fixed abode, was seated of an evening on the edge of the concrete basin of the fountain at Rond Point, Champs Elysèe.

As he bent forward, an auto-bus stopping at the station immediately in front of him, Jean Paul assumed once more an upright sitting position. The thought had come to him that some late wayfarer might descend from the bus and entertain the charitable notion of giving him ten sous.

However, as the hour was well advanced, the auto-bus made only its customary stop at the station without discharging or receiving a passenger. As it moved on, down the Champs Elysèe and in the direction of the Place de la Concorde, Jean Paul Laurent audibly sighing hunched forward again mechanically pulling up his socks; these had fallen over his shoe tops during his long walk from the Bastille to the present spot.

His gray head, upon which reposed a battered cap, he now rested on two gnarled, clenched hands brought together under his chin. The spectacle of dejection was slightly relieved by the air of assertion with which his stiff, white beard jutted out from his clenched fists.

But, if the appearance of Jean Paul was dejected, his thoughts at this moment were not at all in keeping with his aspect.

Jean Paul's imagination was again at play.

How nice, he thought, it would now be to sit reposefully in front of two dozen of those small, tasty oysters that come from Brittany. His fancy followed the object of his desire—first dipped in meal and then fryed in deep fat. Yes, he would have an *hors d'oeuvre* of paté de foie gras. He would begin the meal with a small glass of cognac, none of those de luxe aperitifs were to his taste. He would follow the *hors d'oeuvre* with an *entrée* of lamb kidneys smothered with mushrooms; like the dish that Madame Dufoux, who came from Marseilles, knew so well how to make.

With the thought of Madame Dufoux, Laurent's trend of thought changed.

He had wished to marry Madame Dufoux when she had had her pension at Neuilly sur Seine. That was twenty-five years ago. What a fool he had been. He had wished too long. Jean Jacques had not delayed; but had rushed her right off her feet. How long ago had all this been?

At this regret for the past, Jean Paul removed his

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right arm from its resting place upon his knee and meditatively scratched amidst his beard continuing to reflect the while. Satisfied, he resumed his former position.

Yes, it all seemed but yesterday. He had been star-gazing on this occasion also—a hopeless dreamer!

At this last thought retrospection carried him even further into the past.

Professor Ingres had been right. Even as a school-boy he had sat and wished for things; things not impossible, only quite improbable—to those who knew Jean Paul's failings as well as he knew them himself.

He now recalled the words of Professor Ingres as this instructor of mathematics had once come upon him, when he, instead of concentrating on the solution of a mathematical problem, had merely gazed at the ceiling and mused aloud, "I wish I knew the fifth corallary."

"Dunce," Professor Ingres had cried out, "do you think Euclid arrived at his results by day-dreaming and wishing?"

As Jean Paul Laurent thought of his youth he leaned down and picked up, from the ground at his feet, a half consumed cigarette upon which his idly roving eyes had fallen. Lighting this, he sat in an upright position the better to enjoy the refreshing puffs that he repeatedly inhaled deep into his chest before again permitting them to escape into the night air.

What would life be, he thought, if man was denied the privilege to dream. Were not the dreams of to-day the realities of to-morrow? That he was given to expressing his dreams in wishes was not to be criticized. Surely a man should be permitted to make a choice. If he, now and then, gave voice to his choice with a wish, what right had Professor Ingres or anyone else for that matter, to call him a dunce. Not anyone—certainly not! He would therefore continue to express his rational desires! Oysters from Brittany were too agonizing to contemplate; he would turn his attention to objects less provocative of an appetite.

Now, thought Jean Paul Laurent as he gazed upward, a whimsical expression about his eyes, there is the moon. Would he like to have the moon? No, it wasn't much—being in its last quarter. However—there was Venus at the zenith of all her glory—that star was beautiful!

"I can now make my choice," thought Jean Paul. "Having made my choice I can wish for it, for all that anybody may say to the contrary."

As if expecting denial from some unknown quarter he looked about him and as he did so, removed from his lips, with his left hand, the almost finished cigarette.

Returning again to his observations of Venus vibrating in the sky he continued his trend of thought, only now, in a more egoistical vein.

"Being a free man I, Jean Paul Laurent, can do even more. Not only can I wish but I can demand that this wish be fulfilled!"

The mocking shades of Professor Ingres again flashing through his memory, he rose from his seat and dramatically pointed a finger at Venus; with a voice in which there was mingled resentment and triumph he shouted, "Give me the star!"

As Jean Paul voiced his command to the sky he failed to notice the solitary figure of a man that, at his command, turned sharply as he had seemed about to walk past.

Coming toward Laurent the stranger took a seat on the edge of the fountain's basin close at his side.

"Why do you want the star?" he demanded, looking with burning intensity into Jean Paul's eyes.

"Because I like the star!"

He was annoyed at the interruption of his vision and was about to ask the man before him—a man not much better dressed than himself—what the affair was to him. But the stranger did not wait for any further parley.

In Laurent's right hand he had placed a small package saying, as he turned to depart.

"Good luck, Twenty."

After the stranger's departure Laurent sat for a moment undecided as to an action. But, for the past fifteen years he had been having things placed in his hands at most unexpected moments and now, after a moment's reflection, he opened the package. What he beheld reposing in cotton packing, he at his first glance took to be a diminutive glass door knob.

Rising to his feet he examined it more closely from under the street lamps. It reflected the light in dazzling scintillations of prismatic color.

A few moments of this examination and he quickly placed the object in one of his trouser's pockets, stuffing the cotton batting of the packing down upon it.

Turning, he slowly walked toward the Seine and his sleeping quarters—the base of one of the columns supporting the Pont Alma. As he walked he mumbled to himself.

It was the first time that a wish had come true for him—and that wish a beautiful star! Well, he had received his star and it was worth a King's ransom or he would miss his guess; and, as he felt of the bulge in his trouser's pocket, he murmured:

"This proves that they're all wrong! To-morrow I'll sell it and commence my first meal for the day with———."

By the time he had arrived at the Pont Alma he had selected a menu for the following day that would have been the envy of most epicures.

II

After placing the package in the hand of Laurent the stranger crossed the Avenue Montaigne and took a seat on a bench directly under a street lamp.

Producing some telegraph blanks from an inside pocket of his coat and, using the seat of the bench as a support, he drafted the following telegram in code:

"Frank Muller, Hotel Bristol,
Warsaw, Poland.
Advise Zero delivery of star to Twenty accomplished—
Five."

The stranger had finished the message and was carefully checking its code, when he suddenly turned his head to regard a man, tall with large black eyes, deep set in their sockets and dressed in shabby clothes, who now addressed him in these familiar words:

"Give me the star."

The stranger regarded him through startled eyes. A burning cigarette in the newcomer's left hand drew his attention as he nervously demanded:

"Why do you want the star?"

"Because I like the star," replied the newcomer.

The stranger, quickly rising to his feet, jammed the unused telegraph blanks into a pocket of his coat. With

(*Continued on page* **56**)

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Without artificial aids it is difficult to distinguish all the peculiarities of shod footprints on the ground. But with such aids Belgian police detectives have identified tracks made ten years before by a man who shot a gamekeeper of Bruges.

A plaster cast is first made of the suspect's footprint, and upon this, after it has been quite properly cleaned, copper is electrically deposited, forming a solid mould from which any number of minutely accurate impressions may then be made.

Where Crime Detection is Art

An Intimate Glimpse of the Great Police System of Belgium Which is the Newest in Europe

By Acting-Captain John A. Golden *in Collaboration with Deputy Chief Inspector* Samuel G. Belton, *Lieutenant* F. C. Kruse *and Former Inspector* William T. Davis *of the Foreign Police Commission, New York*

Illustrated with official photographs by the Belgian Police Department

One admits that sweeping statements are apt to be dangerous. Nevertheless we feel safe in announcing our belief that the detective force of Belgium is the newest in Europe. Wholly reorganized since the late war, it is essentially modern not only in point of time, but also in its open-minded attitude toward any legitimate method which promises to bring results.

In no way, however, does our opinion imply either that Belgium lacks traditions of her own or that she is guilty of self-sufficient contempt for precedent. The merest glance at the facts will instantly refute such an absurdity, as we perfectly well knew.

Modern Belgium, it is true, is only ninety-five years old, but her history began with that of the Belgæ and Gallia Belgica of the Romans, and her traditions antedate history, as traditions always do. She is a little country, remember; less than one-third the size of Kentucky. That name—"Kentucky"—means "dark and bloody ground" in the aboriginal tongue; and we Americans know that our Indians did not bestow such names without good and sufficient reasons. Yet for every crimson drop spilled, not only in this one state but throughout the Union, gallons have fallen upon Belgian soil, making more history of all sorts than we, as a nation, ever knew.

As our train trundled smoothly across the plains toward Brussels we, members of the visiting delegation from the New York City Police Department, discovered anew that old memories die hard. The opening line of a "piece", that in days long gone by we had to declaim in school, kept running through our minds: "There was a sound of revelry by night." We knew, of course, that this festive sound emanated from the Duchess of Richmond's ball, which was interrupted by the rumble of guns that opened the Battle of Waterloo, only twenty-five miles distant from the city to which we were bound.

Naturally we knew that after the lapse of more than a century the city would show no visible effects of that historic conflict, but had we seen something which reminded us of the recent war it is doubtful if the fact

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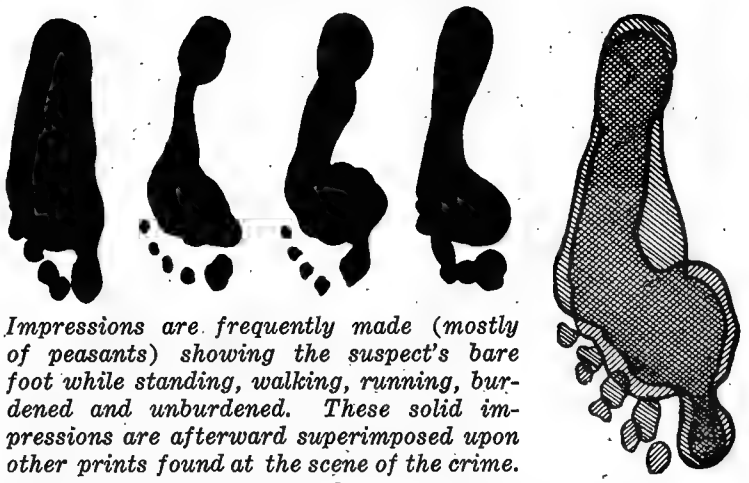
would have surprised us. Any such expectation would, however, have been defeated from the first moment of our arrival.

We were in a city known as "Little Paris", and which made manifest its claim to that title from the very first. Directly outside *le Gare du Nord* — the railway station — the chairs and little tables of an open-front café overflowed the sidewalk to encroach upon the roadway beyond. Similar cafés, music halls and other places of entertainment fairly clutter most of the principal thoroughfares. Everywhere one is encompassed with an air of innocent gaiety, or of gaiety which at any rate is rigidly guarded from excess by the officials who met us with a heartiness that stands out among the many cordial welcomes extended to us on our travels.



Impressions are frequently made (mostly of peasants) showing the suspect's bare foot while standing, walking, running, burdened and unburdened. These solid impressions are afterward superimposed upon other prints found at the scene of the crime.

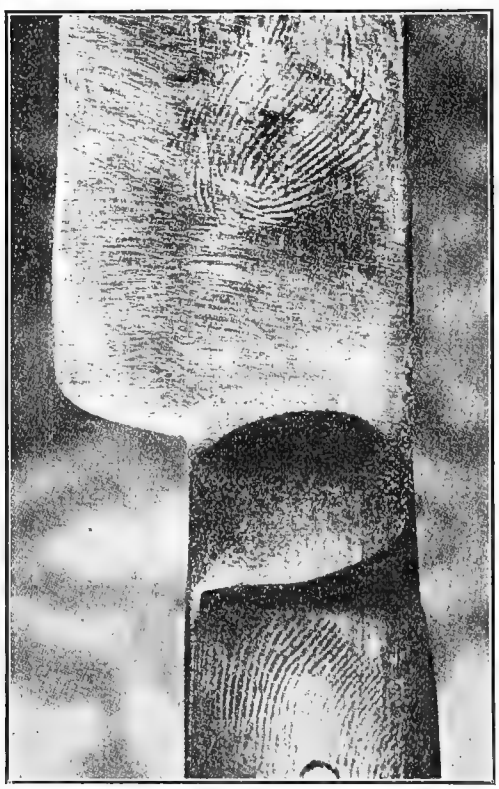
Even if we Americans had entertained the belief—which we did not—that Belgium was scornful of precedents, these officers would quickly have disabused our minds of such delusions. Their police force, coming into being after a great crime-wave in 1920, was frankly patterned after the French police, which offered a skeleton of organization which could readily be varied to suit local needs.

Belgium is divided into nine provinces, with a governor in charge of each. In every province there is some city or large town, and in most of them there are many. Each of these has its own uniformed police force, which is responsible to its own burgomaster and independent of all the others, though all are organized along the same lines. To these uniformed forces is added another, the Gendarmerie. This corps, really a part of the army, includes both infantry and cavalry. The former, in times of peace, is used to police the rural districts. The mounted men assist the municipal police forces in cases of emergency and act in their stead on occasions of ceremony. As soldiers, their sphere of action is nation-wide.

Also national in its scope, though in no sense a part of the army, is the *Police Judiciare des Parquets;* in English, the "Judiciary Police (detectives) of the Appellate Courts." There are three of these courts in Belgium; at Brussels, Ghent and Liége. Each court is in the jurisdiction of a Procureur Général du Roi an official whose duties correspond in a general way with those of our Attorney General. The Judiciary Police are under the orders of these Procureur Généraux. So far as they (the Judiciary Police) are concerned, Belgium is therefore divided into three districts. This, however, is merely a matter of organization. A Belgian detective has power to act wherever his duties take him.

Each of these three districts is under the immediate charge of a Directing Judiciary Officer, appointed by the Procureur du Roi. Below this Director are one or more assistants, known as "Principal Judiciary Officers." The jurisdiction of the Brussels court is the one that we selected to study as a sample of all. This district has a population of 3,799,281. Its chief officer of Judiciary Police is M. Alfred Keffer, whose methods of blended kindness and discipline has built up a force whose loyalty and efficiency are unexcelled by any that we, experienced American cops though we are, have ever known.

This force consists of twenty-nine officers and seventy-two operatives—"agents." These men are specialists, selected, trained and treated as such. They act as the national Secret Service, but in time of peace this is a comparatively small part of their activities. Their principal work lies in the detection of major crime; and it is the wise policy of their government to see that they are enabled to pursue this work unhampered by trifles. To this end, each municipality maintains a certain number of city detectives. These are simply patrolmen, as we would call them, who, having shown aptitude above that of their fellows, are given what training is considered necessary and detailed to plain-clothes work.



The abandoned weapon of a murderer is never touched after it is found, except by the gloved hand of a detective, and in this way the fingerprints of the guilty man are preserved intact. Note the fingerprints on this knife used by a notorious Belgian "killer".

A very good training they receive, judged by the standards of many countries, but it is by no means equal to that which is given a member of the Police Judiciare. It has no need to be. Important cases are at once turned over to the higher branch of the service; the Municipal Detective is intended to spare this higher branch the drudgery of looking into petty infractions of law and of routine work done in conjunction with the uniformed police.

There is much of this routine work—far more than there would be in American cities of equal size; the Belgian system of governmental regulation requires it. The matter of registration alone is one that has to be keenly looked

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Here are shown typical aural malformations usually found in the ear of a confirmed criminal. The whiplash-tapered border and non-pendulous lobe are significant.

residence. Temporary sojourners in the city, foreign or others, must register after a residence of two weeks duration, and must then supply themselves with the regulation identification cards, issued by the police, containing a photograph and description. Mere tourists are registered by the landlords of their hotels or *pensions*, but those to whom cards of identification are issued must never appear in public without them.

Infractions of this law are dealt with severely, but broken or evaded it must be if certain classes of criminals are to pursue their avocations. Hence the necessity for constant vigilance on the part of the police. Surveillance alone will not suffice for this. It must and does express itself in raids, at unexpected hours and irregular intervals, of open meetings and of resorts, hidden or semi-public, where lawbreakers of this sort are likely to be found.

Then all those who cannot show the personal credentials required by law are promptly gathered into the fold, where they have much explaining to do; but that is not the end. They will be detained while those explanations are being investigated, for overnight bail is not accepted in Belgium, nor is bail of any sort accepted until after the prisoner has appeared in court. Therefore, even though the lack of an identification card is the result of carelessness only, the resulting detention amounts to a short term of imprisonment which tends after, nearly automatic though it is.

In accordance with the Belgian law all residents, of whatever nationality, must register with the police and renew that registration annually; and the police must at once be apprised of any change of

This is the rectangular type of ear with a very long border and the so-called "Darwinian pustule" seen at the upper left-hand corner.

Criminally characteristic wide bordered ear with square-cut lobe and sharp point at juncture with cheek.

to teach the strong advisability of future heedfulness.

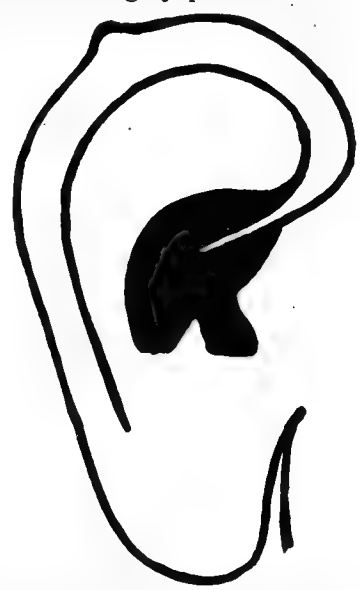
These raids are, in effect, an institutional drag-net; and a very useful institution it has proved to be. Such police regulations and activities might savor of oppression if attempted in the United States; but with us, anarchists, bolshevists and similar scum present no such problems as they do in Belgium. Here they may perhaps be a future menace; there they are a peril both vital and present, so that eternal vigilance is not merely the price of liberty, as the proverb has it, but is the price, so far as the nation is concerned, of life itself. This vigilance is shown in a novel law which, so far as we knew, is to be found nowhere else in Europe. To give a false name is a crime and is punished by fine and imprisonment.

One more great source of routine work is prostitution. Despite all endeavors, as every one knows, this oldest and saddest of all trades never has been suppressed since the world began. In Belgium it is, therefore, permitted under government license and police supervision. Houses maintained for this purpose pay fees and subscribe to regulations embodied in local ordinances much as our saloons formerly had to do. Women of the streets are permitted to ply in certain districts when they have "control cards" which are issued by the police after they have duly registered their intentions of pursuing this method of earning a livelihood.

There is other routine work, of course, but that is common to the police who work in plain-clothes in all cities. Enough has been cited to show that there is quite enough of this work to employ all the time of a considerable number of men; enough also to make plain the fact that to include such labors among the duties of the police would be scarcely better than senseless waste.

A candidate for the Police Judiciare, in order to be eligible, is not only hand-picked, but must have been thoroughly proved to begin with. He must, that is to say, have served, with spotless record, in either the army or the navy of Belgium. He must stand not less than five feet six inches in height and his age may not be less than twenty-one or more than thirty-five years.

Possessing the foregoing qualifications, he can present himself at the office of the Minister of Justice with some chance of success. There probably will be more



Very wide bordered ear with "Darwinian postule" and deeply pendulous lobe. All these ears tell the story of abnormality.

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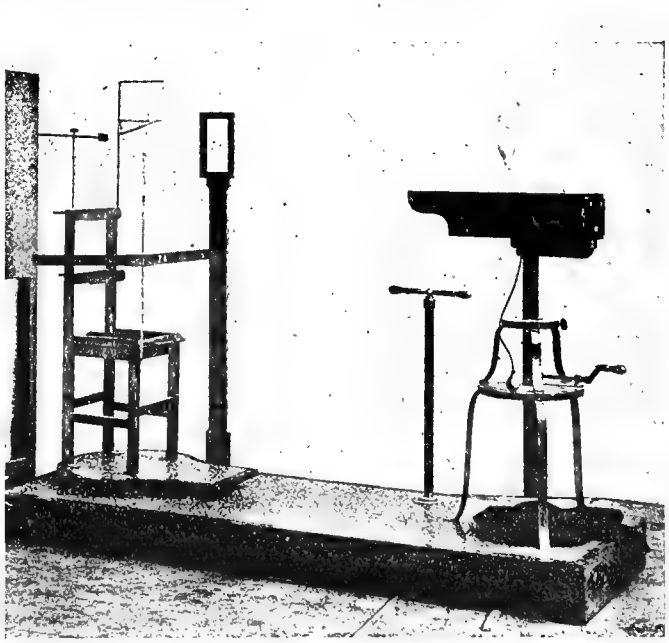
Fingerprint identification office at the Brussels Police Headquarters. Director Burgerhoff (with beard) is shown conferring with his assistants.

candidates than vacancies; there nearly always is. Nevertheless, he, together with all the others, will have his chance. He will be put through a searching physical examination, and if there is anything left in him after the doctors finish, he will have to prove it by performing various athletic feats of increasingly strenuous nature. This having been duly accomplished, he tackles the mental tests. If he is sufficiently high on the list of those who pass these examinations, he wins his tentative appointment, and his real troubles begin.

He is sent to school. This institution is known as "The Training School of Scientific Police and Criminology"; and its functions are exactly what its title indicates. The moving spirit of this school is Professor F. E. Louwage, a master criminologist of world-wide fame, whose books and pamphlets are everywhere recognized as standard authorities. Largely through his efforts, the school has proved itself superior to some and on a parity with any in Europe, though all are of far longer standing.

In appearance its lecture-rooms might be those of any higher institution of learning, were it not for their contents. Here are to be found all apparatus necessary or desirable for the subjects to be taught and all the most recent and accurate data that the world can furnish. Their tiers of seats, arranged theater-fashion, are not intended for the accommodation of detective recruits alone. Here are sent officers, not only of the Police Judiciare, but also of the uniformed police and the Gendarmerie, who are bent upon proving their fitness for promotion. Here, under supervision of Dr. deRechter, the Director and a noted medico-legal expert, they are given advanced courses pertaining to the science that they have made the work of their lives.



Rogue's Gallery apparatus with revolving chair and "machine-gun" camera used at the Brussels Police Headquarters.

The recruits, of course, take the elementary courses only, but even these would be considered quite abstruse enough by many fairly competent policemen of some other lands. Briefly mentioned, they run as follows:

Belgian constitution and history. Arithmetic, metric system and geometry. Belgian penal code. Foreign languages, which are subjects especially stressed. Then, methods of identification, examination of scenes of crime and photography. Evidence. Animal tracks, human footprints and similar traces. Methods of criminals. False bank-notes. Chirography. Slang of criminals. Disguises of person and face. Dead bodies. Wounds. First aid to in-

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jured. Gas poisoning and other poisons. Crimes due to sexual instinct. Newborn children. Insanity. Degenerates. Narcotics. Psychology of witnesses and of victims. Court procedure.

In these courses the recruit is given two months of intensive training; and by "intensive" we mean just that "and then some". At the end of this time he takes his examinations. These mean much to him, for the desirability of the post to which he is assigned is in direct proportion to the grade that he has achieved.

Front row, left to right—Assistant Commissioner Municipal Police of Brussels, Lieut. Frederick Kruse, Deputy Chief Inspector Belton, Principal Judiciary Officer Alfred Keffer, Inspector William T. Davis, Capt. John Golden and Martin J. Clancy, Inspector, Scotland Yard. Rear row, at extreme left—Prof. F. E. Louwage.

Even then, however, he is not too secure in his berth. The theoretical knowledge which this intensive instruction has imparted is very properly considered to be simply a preparation to guide him through the greatest school of all; the school of experience. His next two years are therefore a period of probation. If, at the end of that time he is considered to have proved himself an apt scholar in this latter school, his position is confirmed.

No longer can he be dropped, quite informally, from the service. In case he commits some very flagrant offence, his appointment may be revoked, it is true, but this may be done only by high officials of the Crown after a searching investigation. Lesser infractions of the regulations are punished by reductions in class, suspension for a period not exceeding six months, reduction of salary or loss of chances for promotion according to the seriousness of the offence.

These offences are rarely committed, however; the man who enters the Police Judiciare does so with the intention of remaining there for the remainder of his working life. After ten years of service as an "agent" he may apply for promotion to an officer's rank; and obtain it, if he passes the necessary examination. Custom, which has the force of law, rules that three more years must pass before he may again be promoted. But if all goes well, the grade of Principal Judiciary Officer, the highest in his service, is well within his reach.

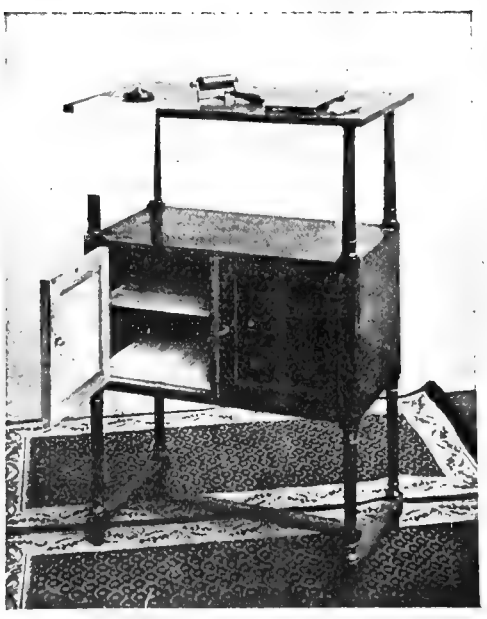
Still, after the two years of his probationary period is successfully passed, the recruit becomes a full-fledged detective. Armed with his rubber billy and Browning automatic (in Europe christened after its American inventor; here taking the name of Colt, its maker), he is now considered competent to handle cases of serious crime which, as a probationer, he very properly was not allowed to attempt.

Yet, even so, he is encouraged to specialize. In each of the three detective districts he finds that the force is divided into five general groups, each devoting itself to a different line of work, namely: Financial; Fraud; Robbery, burglary and extortion, public ways and hotels; Miscellaneous crimes; Identification and clerical. To the one of these groups which best suits his ability, experience and inclinations, he will ally himself.

The crime conditions which the Belgian detective has to meet differ materially, in the proportion of one crime to another, from those in the United States. Automobile theft, for example, is rare in Belgium, largely for the reason that very few cars are to be found there. Banditry is by no means so common there as it, unfortunately, is becoming with us. Safe-breaking, on the other hand, which is becoming less common in the United States, is, or was, largely on the increase there. Homicides of every sort, there as elsewhere, are now, as it is to be feared they will continue to be, an ever-present evil.

The percentage of undetected criminals in Belgium is, however, surprisingly small; and it is their system—a system that would be impossible to establish throughout the vast territory covered by our own flag—which is responsible for the fact that this is so. A notable part of this system is the Police Laboratories, one of which is maintained at each of the three Judiciary Police headquarters.

Upon receiving word that a crime has been committed, an officer of the Central Office, or one of his assistants, together with the necessary laboratory staff and equipment, at once repair to the scene, which has been maintained inviolate pending their arrival. They photograph everything and gather every object that can possibly have any relation to the crime in question. All that has been gathered, after the local investigation has been concluded, is taken to the laboratory. There these objects are examined microscopically, tested chemically, or both, and all this is done by experts especially trained for this work. The problem of the crime is not infrequently solved by this proceeding alone. For example:



Fingerprint table and accessories used by the Belgian police officials. This is a very compact and efficient apparatus.

Two partners had signed a mining contract, and one of them claimed that the other had altered it after the document was executed. The accused had no occasion to imitate anyone else's chirography, for it was by him that the contract was originally written. He

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Interference

The Sneak Thief Who Stepped Into an Impromptu Radio Party on the Roof is Still Thinking About It in His Sing Sing Cell

By Vera Townsend *and* Will J. Jones

Illustrated by Leo Kober

"Q-R-X" —Buzz—Buzz—Rattle—Pop—Sputter—Brrr—"Station B-O-G; Y-A-P broadcasting; the last number was—" Zippity, click, click—Putter, putter, putt, putt—"Spring crops are moving fast; there is a cyclone"—Bam—Zing— " 'That Nutty Jazz,' by the famous Brazil Band; stand by a moment, please." Zizz, zizz, zizz—puck— zizz, zizz — Brrr—.

The radiation suddenly "busted" in Tommy Reynolds' bachelor apartment, and all the king's horses and all the king's men, including Tommy's tinkering, couldn't start it going again; so Tommy finally unhooked the wires and, tucking the box under his arm mounted the stairway to the roof.

Opening the door, Tommy poked his head out into the starry night. The moon was shining brightly and the Spring air was light and balmy. Clothes-lines were swaying to the breeze, with various garments doing their usual acrobatic stunts as they hung by their pins. As the clouds passed over the moon from time to time, the masculine and feminine apparel, swinging together, seemed to engage in a shadowy shimmy, like ghostly spectres of the night indulging in a *dance du ventre.*

Then suddenly Tommy let out a healthy "Damn!" as he spied a pink chemise and a suit of silk pajamas pinned to his aerial. Setting his paraphernalia on the ledge of the roof, he took down the nifty nighties and, with a chuckle, pinned them on an adjoining aerial.

Ten o'clock struck on the bells of the Metropolitan Tower, the beacon light of which was clearly visible from his high roost several stories above the buildings surrounding the Pelton Arms.

"No wonder I couldn't get a peep out of the air," muttered Tommy to himself, as he hooked up his aerial and "grounded" it on the copper cornice.

He was so busily engaged that he didn't notice the roof door open and a lovely vision in a sport suit step forth. Just about this time, Tommy got tuned up and caught Lopez on the wing.

With an exclamation of delight, he started to two-step and danced right into the apparition. On the spur of the moment, or rather the music, he took the girl in his arms and swept her off her feet. She danced divinely and as they skipped by the light of the moon, the magic spirit of Terpsichore lived again in their hearts. The youth of them accepted the situation silently for a turn or two and then she caught her breath.

"Well, I like your nerve!" she said, with an attempt to escape the rhythmic enchantment and his arms.

"Yes, isn't it lovely," he replied; "the music, I mean. I don't know who you are, but you're certainly a welcome little stranger."

"I hope you don't think I came up here to dance!" she retorted, keeping perfect step, however.

"Oh, never mind that," he answered, "you're here—that's what tickles me. If this isn't Seventh Heaven, it's the top of the world. It certainly was a lucky thing for me when that fresh dame pinned her pajamas on my wire."

"Oh" she gasped, as the music stopped. "You—you—" she pointed to the frills on the wire.

"Yes," he laughed, "I spiked her line to even up the score."

"Station W-O-O broadcasting," cut in the radio.

"Gee, whiz!" cried Tommy; "W-O-O, WOO,—that must be the love line."

"The next number on the program will be, 'I hear you calling me', " continued the announcer, "sung by John McCormack—stand by a moment, please."

"Why, what are you doing?" asked Tommy, as the girl—the most adorable he had ever seen (he was only nineteen) began to take her belongings off the wire. An accommodating cloud hid her blushes.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know they were yours. Let me help you."

She stopped him with a stamp of her daintily shod foot.

"Don't you dare touch them!" she commanded, glaring at Tommy.

"Oh, well; if you are going to be fussy, all right. But, what do you mean, hanging your—your fairy things on my aerial, anyway?" He approached her menacingly. "Do you know I monkeyed with that apparatus for a whole hour in my room, trying to discover who had put it on the blink, and then—"

"And then," she interrupted, with asperity and a toss of her lovely bobbed hair—a golden nest of moonbeams—"you cut me off by interferring with my wire."

"Well," he rejoined, "my line was up here first, and, anyway, it isn't a clothes-line, you know."

The soft sweet voice of McCormack floated out upon the air and the girl put a finger to her lips with a cautioning "Sh!"

Together they sat on the ledge and listened to the wonderful melody. The setting was perfect—moonlight—balmy air—high above the night throbs of the city—youth—romance, and a love song.

"I must be going," murmured the girl gathering the silken garments in her arms, "I'm sorry I was so thoughtless."

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"Oh, don't go!" implored Tommy. "I know it's kind of irregular and all that, but it's like the radio—simply marvelous—meeting you like this I mean. Just one more dance, please," he insisted.

"I really couldn't. I must get back to my room," she responded, edging toward the door.

"But, gosh! you can't float into a fellow's life like this and then hop right out again. I'm Tommy Reynolds—my father's a banker in our home town, down South, and I'm up here in New York all alone—"

"So am I," she sighed, "and it's awfully lonesome—sometimes." She hesitated, with her hand on the door knob.

"At least tell me your name," he pleaded.

"Station W-O-O broadcasting," the *deus-ex-machina* chimed in again; "Harmony Orchestra in 'Shake Your Feet'."

Grasping the girl, Tommy quickly drew her away from the door, which slammed shut with a bang, as they danced away.

"Do tell me your name," he again implored, as they danced around the roof in perfect rhythm.

"It's—it's Dru—Dru Jason," she whispered, as she eluded his arms and ran to the door.

She tried to open it, and then with a gasp of terror, she exclaimed: "It's locked!"

"Hooray!" cried Tommy, doing a *pas seul* of joy.

"But what are we going to do? queried Dru, in consternation. "We can't stay up here all night."

"I can!" shouted Tommy, gleefully. "My pokey old room was never like this."

"Be sensible!" expostulated the girl. "Think of me."

"I am, oh, I am thinking of you," assured the young scalawag, with a glorious nonchalance.

"This is no joke, Mr. Reynolds!" Dru spoke seriously, as she sank to the ledge. "What shall we do?"

"Make the best of it," he asserted. "The gods are good to us. 'Let's enjoy the present smiling hour and put it out of Fortune's power'," he quoted, as he sat down beside her.

Station W-O-O chimed in again with one of the popular song hits: "I Love You—I Love You—I Love You."

"Them's my sentiments exactly," echoed Tommy, hunching closer to his companion.

"Sir!" ejaculated the girl frigidly, edging away from him.

"Oh, it's in the air, I guess," burst forth Tommy excitedly. "I've passed you a million times, more or less, on my way to and from the office, and Lord knows how many times I've dreamed of you. I'm just simply wild about you, that's all!"

"Why—why, you don't even know me," gasped the astonished girl.

"I know you're the only girl in the wide, wide world for me—and—and—"

"Great heavens, it's beginning to rain!" cried the girl, as she turned her startled blue eyes skyward.

"Let it pour," grinned Tommy. "It isn't raining rain to me, it's raining little *Dru*-drops!" All of a sudden, Tommy took the girl in his arms and kissed her.

She struggled, but the fact remains, he kissed her.

Then it showered heavily. Tommy quickly took down some clothes from one of the lines and, tucking them around the girl and himself, they huddled in the doorway until the rain cloud drifted away—and, somehow, they were so wrapped up in each other, they never noticed its going.

They were both lonely children in a great big, selfish city, and who would begrudge them the glory of their Springtime dream?

Suddenly, the roof door burst open and a short, stocky man catapulted over the two figures sitting there. As he sprawled on the roof, a sack which he was carrying flew from his arms and scattered about miscellaneous pieces of silverware.

Springing to his feet, the intruder drew an ugly revolver and, covering the astonished couple, he whispered hoarsely, "Not a sound!" Softly closing the door, he demanded what they were doing there, as Dru and Tommy rose to their feet.

Then as the sneak thief's eyes alighted on the radio outfit, he gave a knowing leer.

"Oh, ho! a couple of sneaks, hey? Pickin' off radio sets. So that's yer graft?"

Tom started to remonstrate, but the thief silenced him with a suggestive motion of his gun.

"Not a squeak out of you. I heard somebody comin' up de stairs, so I beat it to de roof. Interfered wid my game, damn 'em, jist as I wuz gittin' de lay of de plant."

Stepping to the door, he listened intently for a moment, then he came toward Dru and Tommy.

"Now, I'll look youse over, kiddos, and see what else ye lifted besides de air works. Come on, git busy now and fork over."

He was a husky figure and his unshaven face, with its narrow, piggish eyes, looked doubly villainous in the moonlight.

"But—but, we're not thieves," said Dru, all a-tremble.

"Of course yer aint" acquiesced the crook cynically. "I guess youse is Mr. and Mrs. Society, runnin' around roofs fer your health."

"Don't get fresh!" belligerently warned Tommy.

"None of yer lip, or I'll give youse a punch in de puss!" retorted the yegg. "Come on now, be nice, kick in. Mebbe yez got enough to make de interference dat peeved me wort' while, after all."

Then addressing Tommy, he sneered: "Yer oughter know better dan ter pal up wid a skoit in dis game; dey allus gits ter mashin' an' spills de beans. I'll tackle you first, Miss High an' Mighty," he concluded.

"Oh, I haven't a thing, really!" exclaimed Dru, stepping backward.

"Really!" mimicked the crook, approaching her. With a quick movement, he reached into her pocket and drew forth a key. "Whadd'ye mean, ye ain't got nothin'," he asked, exhibiting his find. "What'n'ell is dis?"

"Why,—why it's the key to my room;" stammered Dru.

"Oh, it is, is it? Well, we'll see about dat later. Now fer you, me bucko." He approached Tommy warily and gave him a none too gentle prod in the ribs with his gun.

"I haven't got a cent on me," said Tommy. "If you must know the truth, Miss Jason and I live in this building, and we came up here to—to—"

"To look at de moon, hey!" interrupted the crook exasperatingly. "Moon, me eye!"

With a trick learned at college, Tommy suddenly launched a well-directed kick at the pistol arm of the man confronting him and landed the weapon a dozen feet away. The man yelled with pain, as he grabbed

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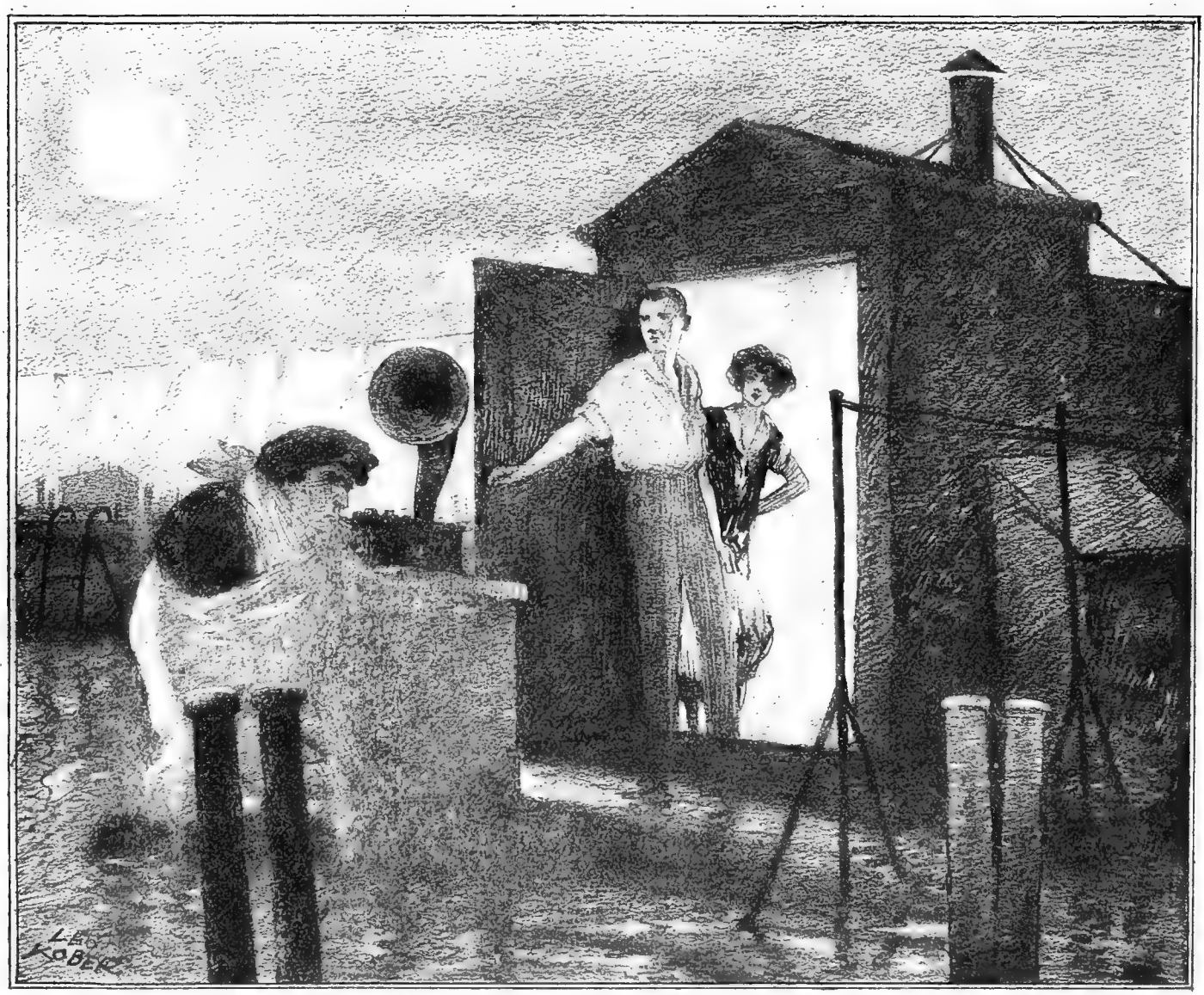

"Pleasant dreams", said Tommy as he picked up Dru's "Intimes" and the sack of silverware and softly closed the door behind him.

his aching arm, and then Tommy was upon him, with all his football training back of him.

Down they went on the roof and over and over they rolled. The crook was too heavy for Tommy, and was getting the best of him, when Dru, with a cry of dismay, grabbed up a sheet and throwing it over the head of the intruder, drew it tightly around him. Struggling to get free, he loosened his grip on Tommy and in a flash, the tables were turned and Tommy scored a touchdown.

"Good girl!" gasped Tommy, pinning the man to the roof. "Gee, but you're game! Another minute and I'd have been out for fair. Twist up one of those table cloths and let's tie this bird's feet together."

"Damn you!" growled the crook through the cloth around his head, and he answered Tommy's suggestion with several vigorous kicks. But Tommy promptly sat upon him and Dru trussed up the obstreperous legs. Tommy next rolled the fellow over and tied his arms behind him with another cloth. Then he calmly removed the sheet from the crook's head and asked pleasantly; "Now, will you be good?"

"Aw, be reasonable," squealed the thief. "I wuz on'y kiddin'. I'll divide wid youse, an' we kin all git out'n dis wid a whole skin. I kin do youse a good toin mebbe, 'cos I knows all de ropes. Wid de t'ree of us woikin' togedder, we kin make a cleanup. Sure!"

"You're a yellow cur," commented Tommy, and he pocketed the fallen revolver. "You haven't a straight bone in your crooked body, you sneak."

Picking up a piece of silverware, Tommy gave a war whoop.

"Well, I'm a son of a sea cook, if this isn't the cup I won in the college regatta! He robs me and then he wants to divide the spoils."

"Say, is all dis stuff on de level?" groaned the crook. "Aint youse a couple of quiet workers?" Then a light seemed to dawn upon him. "Aw, go on, toin me in fer a boob. I orter git six mont's fer dis. Me mudder'll never forgive me." He was on the verge of tears with mortification. "Honest, lady; cross me heart, hopes ter die," he continued, trying a new tack. "I aint allus bin like dis. I wuz brung up diff'rent, but life jist natch'ly kicked me in de slats, and I bin tryin' ter git even, dat's all. Gimme a chance, will yer, lady," he pleaded.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Dru,—he's just

(*Continued on page* 76)

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EDITORIALS

Where Speed Counts

WHEN a daily newspaper in a large Eastern city took occasion recently to comment upon the luxurious habits of certain of its policemen in travelling about in a motor-car, internationally known for its quality and speed, certain of the citizenry were moved to communicate their satiric and caustic views on the same subject. They could not see why half a dozen ordinary policemen could not be transported from hither to yon by means of the utilitarian patrol-wagon, or the more modest flivver. They drew interesting parallels between the tax rate and the sybaritic patrolmen, and they burned to know who and why and wherefor this outrage.

While there is no record that the commander of those police ever took the trouble to enlighten the irate citizenry, he might have done so and conveyed a useful if pointed lesson at the same time, for in the same journal that carried the first editorial comment were reports of three hold-ups in which the robbers had joyously performed their work and then blithely fled out of town in swift motor-cars. The police of the towns so treated pursued to the best of their equipment, but the cheap car is seldom a match in point of fleetness to the expensive car. They failed to catch a whiff of anything but the exhaust gases and the dust of the burglars' vehicles.

Some months ago a well-known manufacturer invited the courts in Detroit to give him a temporary injunction against the police officials of the city restraining them from purchasing cars of a given make in preference to his, claiming that since speed had been the main factor in buying the needed police cars, his had so far outpaced its rivals as to leave nothing more to be said. If memory serves, this manufacturer mentioned eighty-six miles an hour as the rate reeled off by his product. The incident is only important in indicating one of the requirements of police motor equipment, viz: speed; speed in plenty for the purpose of pursuit and capture.

In motor-car construction speed means power, and power depends upon size and quality of engine construction. The average small runabout of the type manufactured in such amazing quantities on the banks of the St. Clair River, is unable to travel more than forty-five miles an hour, which, when the crook is engaged in departing from the region of his activity, is slow moving indeed, since that gentleman invariably takes particular pains to provide himself with transportation that is wholly adequate to his purpose.

As most policemen know, the criminal is inclined to the gospel of efficiency. He does not care to wrap up ten or twelve thousand of his hardly stolen dollars in a costly car. That would have two obvious disadvantages. First such a car would have a distinct identity and second it would be costly to buy and maintain. How much easier to place this burden upon the shoulders of more affluent persons, and when the need arises for something of this kind, to steal the particular type of car and when it has served its purpose, abandon it! Which is exactly the process most favored by the up-to-date crook.

The motor-cycle is useful, but it carries usually one man, whereas the crook seldom operates alone in matters affecting large exploits, therefore a large car capable of hurling half a dozen policemen along at high speed is a vital necessity.

Unfortunately the tax-payer knows nothing of such matters as this. He sees little but a rise in the rate, and when the police officials ask for mechanical equipment to enable them to keep on a par with the crook they are regarded with suspicion and dislike. Police work in modern communities is expensive, but it is not the fault of the policeman that it is. Rather is it the fault of a system that breeds such a disregard for law and order as is illustrated by our annual bill of three billions for crime.

Below the Dead Line

THREE small children peeped over the parapet that rimmed the roof, and stared with wondering eyes at the scene below them. There was the dull rumble of heavily armored cars, the tramp of marching feet, and hoarse commands. The streets were empty save for the panorama of war below them. An occasional pedestrian drifted into the main thoroughfare from a side street, only to be roughly ordered back whence he came by stern faced men with high powered rifles in their hands. The armoured cars with rapid fire guns peering from their steel sides took up strategic positions, and lines of uniformed men swung into ordered formation. Commanding officers conferred, and then the chief, consulting a wrist watch, nodded his head. Activity broke out upon the silence of the streets, and the children's eyes grew wider.

No, it wasn't a phase of the late war. It was merely an incident on a quiet Sunday afternoon in New York's financial district, almost in the shadow of Old Trinity, when, because of a great bank merger, it was necessary to move $250,000,000 in specie from one institution to another. The children belonged to the janitor of one of the twenty story buildings, the marching men were police, and the armored cars were the property of a Company that earns respectable dividends by moving money about the city streets.

Time was when on New York's streets young girls could be encountered carrying bank books from which protruded currency, when messenger boys bore millions in bonds nonchalantly and safely from one office to another on Wall street, and the annual losses from robbery of one or the other were negligible. But no longer. Since the War released the passions of men the crook is altogether too ready to "take a chance", and those responsible for the city's safety are prone to take entirely adequate precautions. Hence the armored car replaces the hurrying stenographer enroute to the bank, and a quartet of armed guards substitutes for the blue clad messenger boy. Verily, the world seems to have progressed (?) to the point where it becomes a hazard to escort a nickel to a subway station.

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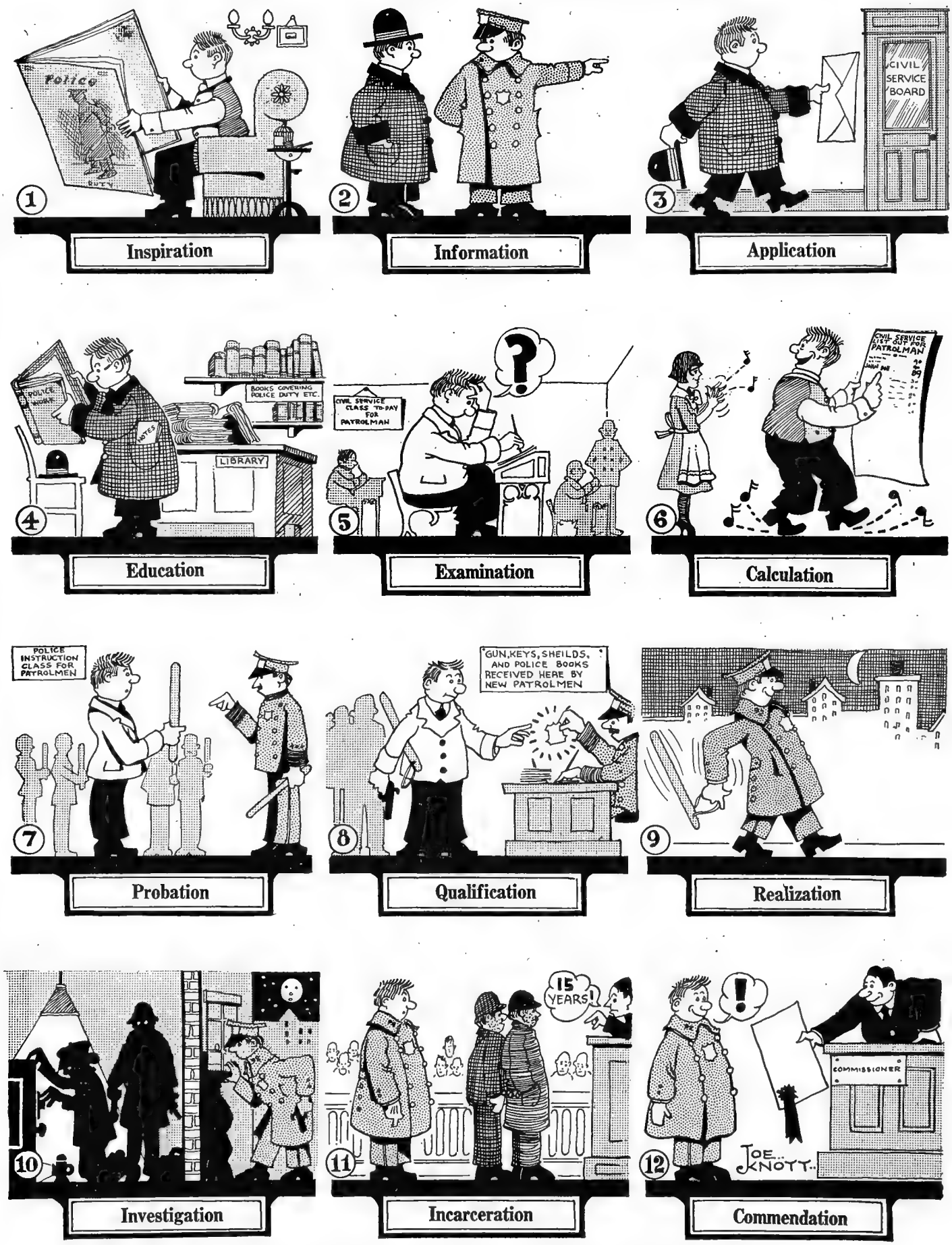
From Rookie to Roundsman



Up the Ladder of Success on the Police Force

Drawn by JOE KNOTT

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¶ *"Plug that Bull if he shows any signs of life," said the woman, and she looked down at the fallen policeman and laughed softly.*

Down But Not Out

Cunning and Desperate Crooks "Got" Officer Nugent But They Forgot that His Kind Are Not Easily Vanquished

By Guy Fowler

SOME writer of Ireland has said that the people there are ever ready to laugh because in that way they keep the secret of their sorrow. It was exactly that way in the story of Michael Nugent, who stood six feet and an inch in his stockings and weighed 198 pounds stripped.

I don't mean to convey that Nugent went around with a silly grin on his lean, weather-whipped face. I have seen his blue eyes when he did not suspect I was watching, and in them I have caught the dumb misery that glows in the eyes of a dog who knows his master is dead; the pitiful grief of a child who recognizes tragedy; the look of a man who is almost defeated by life.

But I, reporter-like, was always trying to get beneath the surface of things. Those who associated with Nugent knew him best as the merriest Irishman of more than two hundred of them on the Clayton police force. His laugh boomed in the patrolmen's room at Headquarters like a rollicking summer thunder storm in the distance. He knew two jokes for every one he heard and his usually were the best ones, and they were clean. Then, too, he had a native wit that found the humor of a situation as unerringly as a pointer finds a bird.

I doubt if his mates ever saw that, beneath it all, Michael Nugent was grieving. Little by little, as I came to know him better, I gathered his story. At twenty-four he had married Lorna Gail. What Michael was now in the world of men, she had been then among women, with an intellect above the average and a body of divine beauty. One night he took me home to meet her.

Lorna Nugent lay quietly in an invalid's chair. Her eyes were as dark as his were arctic blue. Where his hair was auburn, having been honest red in his childhood, hers was black as the moor of her native heath on a moonless night. Her hands were slim and white and her face and body were wasted now. Still, she smiled and her eyes lighted as he went to her.

"You're home a bit early, Michael." There was none of the plaintive whine of an invalid in her voice. It was full and rounded, even vital. She ran her fingers through his mop of disordered hair as he kneeled before her.

"This is a newspaper friend of mine, Lorna dear," he said, rising and introducing me. "He's great with th' blarney an' it's good to keep on th' right side of his likes." And he patted me gently on the shoulder.

"It's glad I am to have Michael bring his friends home with him," she smiled, making me feel instantly welcome and at ease by the grace of her manner.

They had been married at this time four years. There were no children. A neighboring woman, for the pittance Michael could afford to pay her, came in every day and attended to the house and made frequent visits to do what she could for Lorna. A generous old Irish woman whose hands could jog a pillow into the most comfortable shape, or cool the most fevered brow, she was much like a mother to the two of them, they told me.

Later, when his wife had fallen gently asleep, Michael told me the rest of it.

"At first, she was health itself," he began softly, and paused. Apparently, his mind was back to those days, for his stubby briar pipe went out and he relit it before he resumed:

"We were makin' all sorts of plans for th' babies . . . even named them." He looked up at me, half smiling, and again I saw the sorrow in his eyes.

"Michael Junior was to be a civil engineer. No trampin' a beat for him, if you please. An' Jane, she was—well, she was to be just a gir-ul like her mother there."

When you think of it, what higher ambition could he have had for Jane-who-might-have-been?

"But Lorna took sick," he went on, simply. "The doctor said there would have to be an operation. She went through that . . . but it did no good. We tried another doctor . . . man, my pay has been for almost nothin' but the doctors . . . that was early this year.

"He was one of them high-priced specialists. He operated again. When they let me in to see her, Lorna was smilin' and lookin' fine. But afterwards the doctor called me aside out in the hospital hall and he says: 'Nugent, we've done all we can. She'll live . . . for a year . . . two years at the most. You'll have to prepare yourself for that. . . .'"

Michael's pipe had gone out and he chewed on the stem, staring at the conventional pattern of the commonplace rug.

"So that's th' way it stands now," he concluded. "She might be goin' away any time. . . ."

And I understood that look in Michael Nugent's eyes better than ever, and I think that I knew why he laughed at the outside world.

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Shortly after that Nugent was transferred to the Pine Avenue precinct. That was the exclusive, residential section of Clayton where he would be ornamental as well as useful. Folks up there like to have their policemen resemble young gods. They also prefer men who are competent to guard the jewels and the splendor that flash in the great, luxurious homes which line the avenue.

At the intersection of Pine Avenue and Park Boulevard, which marks the heart of the millionaire colony, the home of Charles Hahn, the paper manufacturer, stands well back from the street. It is fronted by an expanse of groomed lawn and a wall surrounds the property, made of remarkably matched stones of a reddish hue. There is an arched gateway overgrown with ivy.

At five minutes to four on the third morning of his transfer, Michael Nugent swung up the avenue to the patrol box at the corner. While he was yet a block below the Hahn estate, he saw a limousine waiting at the arched entrance. The lights were on and he noticed that the interior of the car also was lighted. Nevertheless, he quickened his pace and moved over into the darkness close beside the stone wall.

A liveried chauffeur lay back behind the wheel lazily smoking a cigaret. Nothing suspicious appeared before the quick eye of the watcher and he stepped out upon the pavement. The chauffeur glanced at him, tossed his cigaret to the ground in a glowing arc and greeted him.

"Good morning, officer."

"Good morning," replied Nugent. "You're on late duty this night."

"Yes, I—"

The driver's answer was cut short by the approach of a woman from beneath the arched gateway.

She was bareheaded and clutched an ermine cape about her slim figure. Nugent saw that beneath the garment she wore a sheer evening gown and about her slender, white throat was a string of pearls. The cold gleam of diamonds glinted from the hand which held her cape.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, officer," she exclaimed. "You're just the man we wanted."

The woman was not excited. In fact, she seemed mildly amused. Nugent turned to her and touched his cap respectfully.

"Yes, ma'am; what can I do?"

Behind him the chauffeur reached out very rapidly and some kind of short, thick instrument in his gloved hand crunched dully on Nugent's skull. In the same instant, every light on the car went dark. Nugent sank to the ground, one arm doubling under his body, the other flung out limply over his head.

"They're through inside," the woman said quietly. She peered at the form at her feet, curiously, and stepped back. "Don't take any chances, Dick. Plug that Bull if he shows any signs of life. I'm going back to watch the watchman." She laughed softly.

The driver leaned just far enough over the low door to give his arm full play. He held a heavy magazine revolver with the barrel aimed down upon the huge, dark bulk on the grass beside the curb. He had less than a minute to wait. The woman moved out of the shadows of the arch and came forward quickly.

"All right, Dick. Tune her up. They're bringing the kid along for ransom. It's *some* haul this time, old dear."

The rear door of the limousine was open and she stepped in. The motor sang low. Two men came from the gateway hurriedly, carrying between them a small bundled figure which lay perfectly inert. They passed the form in to the woman.

"We'd better truss the flatfoot," said one of the pair, huskily.

"Oh, hell! he's good for another ten minutes," growled the driver.

"Let's go then."

One man sprang into the car and the other stepped to the running-board as the motor hummed a louder tune. The massive figure on the grass moved just enough to free the hand beneath it, and when the hand came up it held a horn-butted Police Positive which spoke immediately.

Half a dozen sounds came simultaneously, shattering the early morning calm of the avenue. That is, they came so rapidly, one upon the other, that they were mingled in the ears of those who heard them.

"Look at the cop!" That was the woman's voice, high pitched, as she peered back through the glass and saw Michael leveling his revolver as he lay prone.

"Bang!" It was Nugent's gun.

"Plink!" That was the glass breaking when the bullet struck.

"Oh-h! God—" the driver, Jack, cried out when the slug bored into his brain from the rear.

Then there was the motor gone crazy, the woman screaming, men's voices shouting in the limousine and more shots from Nugent's gun. Answering shots from the rear of the car, not yet more than fifty feet distant. A blinding flash that seemed to extend all the way from the careening limousine to his heart, yet Nugent heard one more sound. That crash was the car smashing wildly against the steel electric light pole. Then silence.

When Michael next opened his eyes he knew he was in a hospital. Two men were seated beside his cot. One of them was Captain Emil Schwartz, from Police Headquarters. The other Nugent did not recognize.

"Hah, Migael," exclaimed the old officer, beaming, "you voke up smiling. Dot's a goot sign."

Nugent continued to smile . . . until he remembered.

"Did that kid get hurt?" he asked anxiously, and suddenly found it pained him to speak.

The stranger looked at him kindly and shook his head in the negative. He was very evidently one of the Pine Avenue people, Michael thought. He was dressed faultlessly; his manner was confident, easy.

"No, thanks to you, my friend, she is home safe and well," he replied.

"It was wrong of me to shoot with her in the car, but I—I thought they'd stop."

"Hah, Migael, the Chief thinks it was nod so foolish," interrupted Captain Schwartz. "You got a sergeant's stripes. Ve got the whole gang of them."

Schwartz and the quiet man beside him smiled.

"It was my granddaughter," continued the older man. "I am Doctor James Dell," he added casually.

Dr. James Dell! The name brought poignant grief into the blue eyes of the man on the cot as memory was sharply aroused. James B. Dell, the eminent American surgeon, famed throughout the world as a marvel with the knife. A thousand dollars for the simplest operation. How Michael had dreamed of the day when he could bring Dr. James Dell to the side of Lorna.

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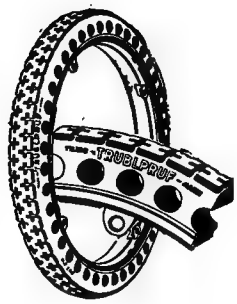

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"Mr. Hahn, my son-in-law, has been here, but could not wait," the surgeon went on. "He left this—"

He passed to Michael a narrow strip of blue paper. It was a check for one thousand dollars.

Nugent read it and tried to speak. Something in his throat choked him.

"Quiet now," urged Dr. Dell. "That lung still feels badly."

"But, Doctor . . . I want you to take this . . . and —make my wife well—do you understand?"

The great surgeon leaned down and patted the mighty hand on the white coverlet.

"Wait till you're out of this in a few weeks," he said gently. "They told me about your wife, Nugent. I've been down to see her. We're going to operate on her just as soon as you're well. . . . Don't you worry."

And if you could have seen Michael Nugent's eyes then you would have understood the kind of devotion a man such as he gives to a woman such as Lorna.

. . . . . .

I'm back in my room tonight after having had dinner with Michael and Lorna—and Jane. And if you can judge them when they are three months old, Jane will be "just a gir-ul like her mother there." As for Michael, Junior, perhaps I'll be able to tell you about him some time later.

Strangers to Fear

(*Continued from page* 15)

aids, and undoubtedly they help enormously, but none of them ever did or ever will plunge into the fire or the water, or face the mad mob and by sheer grit and soul go down to death in the battle against evil.

And the odd thing, the amazing, wondrous thing, is that no matter where you go it is the same. I've seen a London bobby battle to the death in Whitechapel to save a wretched dog. In Chicago a calm-eyed Swede walked in upon a maniac threatening a group of terrified women with a revolver, and took four bullets through him before he had disarmed and subdued the madman. In San Francisco a Chinese rookie cop gave up his life getting a paralyzed woman out of a burning slum. How shall we explain these things? I do not know.

It is easy to preach morality and the Ten Commandments, but the Thing that is so much greater than the poor human shell it governs seems apart wholly from such ethics. More often than not it is the swearing, fighting, drinking, ordinary, average man who does these things, and that leads me to guess that the tattered fabric that we call Morality which we set such store by, doesn't seem to have much to do with God's gifts to men when it comes to classifying these as human service.

The next time that you who may read these lines have occasion to find fault with the blue and brass policeman, I would ask you to recall the names that are carven in stone to commemorate a few hundred men who had guts enough to die alone in the dark facing Macaulay's "fearful odds", and then turn a glance inward and whisper:

"Could I do that?"

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Underground

(*Continued from page* 13)

of his shoulder he burst open the door, and his tense face stared out over his pistol-barrel into the glare of the engine-room.

Hopefully his eyes sought for Stetson and Billy. Both were gone, and in Stetson's place he saw one of the men who had come with the matron. There was promise of deadly accuracy in Captain Kidd's aim, and the revenue man threw up his arms without delay. The smuggler grinned approvingly as he came out, with Ah Ho close behind.

"Guess you'd better git out," he invited. "That's the best way." He nodded toward the passage. There was a dangerous glitter in the eyes behind the gun, and the officer obeyed. "Tell your friends I'm down here waitin' for 'em," said Captain Kidd as he slammed the door. In an instant he had whirled upon Ah Ho. "Quick—this way!" he cried. He caught her almost roughly, and half dragged her to a partly open door aft of the engines, through which he thrust her ahead of him. The girl stumbled and fell over a pile of litter, but her companion seemed not to have noticed the mishap. Ah Ho could hear him tugging at a heavy object, and soon she saw him roll something big and round out through the door. He came back like a shadow, and a second and a third object were rolled after the first. Then there came the crashing of an ax, the rattle of shattered glass, and a moment later utter darkness, as Captain Kidd sprang back and closed the door.

"It's done, Chinkey!" he cried, groping for her. "It's done!"

Ah Ho stretched up her hands, and Captain Kidd gathered her close in his arms. "They've got all that's coming to 'em, now, Chinkey!" he continued excitedly. "Smell it, girl! D'ye smell it?" He sniffed the air, already impregnated with a biting, unpleasant odor. "They're carb'ys of acid, Chinkey! I figgered this was comin' some day!" He left her standing, and with the butt of his revolver hammered upon metal in the side of the hull. Soon he had driven back a number of hooks, and now swung open a port as large as one of the traps through which they had escaped.

"See the stars out there, Chinkey?" he whispered, making room for Ah Ho at his side. "Well, you 'n me'll soon be as free——"

At the head of the engine-room he could hear the excited shouts of men. But they came no nearer. Even Ah Ho knew why. Through the cracks of the cubby-room door the acid fumes were pouring stronger each moment. The girl coughed, and clutched Captain Kidd's arm. The light from outside shone upon her upturned face, and there the man read something of what was passing in her soul. He realized for the first time that this was all a great mystery to her, and that she could only guess at the significance of the shots ashore, the hurried flight to the vessel, and his actions now. But she trusted him. He could see that in her eyes. Her mouth was round and red, like a rose, Captain Kidd thought, even in that moment, and he saw it tremble as he looked down into her face.

"Chinkey, d'ye know, I'm beginning to have a deuced chummy feeling for you," he said. "You're a game little girl, if you are a Chink; and I swear I'll feel a

"April, April, laugh thy golden laughter"

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(Henry O. Loebell)

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WILLIAM J. WELSH, President

bit rummy when I deliver you to that yellow-skinned old cuss who's buying you over there!" He stuck his head out of the port and looked up. The aft boat was swinging low in her davits. By hoisting himself partly through the opening, Captain Kidd reached an iron ring under the rail of the ship, and drew himself cautiously out until his free hand gripped the falls. For a few moments he listened, almost ceasing to breathe. Amidships he heard the crash of an ax and voices that came to him indistinctly. But the stern of the smuggler seemed deserted. Unlooping the falls, he held the ropes taut while he retreated through the port. Then, with arms and shoulders out, he lowered the boat until it swung within a foot of the water.

"Chinkey!" he whispered.

He slipped the ropes under the swing of the port-door, and lifted Ah Ho through. As her feet touched the boat, he released his hold and climbed out himself. He half hung in the port-hole, listening for the explosion which he knew would come soon, until the fumes of the acid drove him down. Crouching beside Ah Ho, he loosed the falls, and the small boat plunged into the tumultuous trail of the ship, which dragged out behind like a molten river tossing in the face of the moon. A shout of triumph half rose in the throat of Captain Kidd, but when his lips parted it came only in a throttled, inarticulate cry. He leaned out until the crests of the waves swept their spray into his eyes. His lean, white face was alight with a passion as hard as the glint of the pistol-barrel which reached out toward the *Laura Spreck*. The ship was dissolving into a shadow, and before it disappeared Captain Kidd longed to let those upon it know that he had beaten them. He thought of the woman who had betrayed him, and the desire became almost overwhelming. For a moment he hesitated, and in that moment he fancied he heard a rumbling from where the lights were slipping away into the gloom of the night. When he was sure of it, he sprang up tall and gaunt between Ah Ho and the afterglow, and tossed his long arms over his head with a far-reaching cry of joy. Then he sat down, and Ah Ho crept to him and remained unnoticed for a time, crumpled in a little trembling heap at his feet. When the man turned from his lost ship, she was staring straight up at him.

"Didn't you hear it, Chinkey?" he asked. He leaned over and tilted the girl's face up by placing his forefinger under her chin, much as if she had been a child. "Didn't you hear it, Chinkey? That was the acid gettin' next to the boiler fires! You'll soon see it. Look!" He stretched out an arm, and Ah Ho drew herself up beside his knee to get the direction. "Mebby you've never seen anything like what's going to happen," he spoke reassuringly, "but don't get scared. They'll get off all right, because there's two rafts and another boat on board." An understanding came to her that something was going to happen somewhere out in the growing gloom which was fast shutting out the vastness of the lake, and she watched for it with the tragic earnestness of the man.

"It's coming—soon!" whispered the captain. His words were tremulous with excitement. "It's coming, Chinkey."

A mile away a tiny red streak seemed to split open the sky. Ah Ho felt him twitch as though he had been stung. She turned her face to him instinctively, and when she looked back the red streak had grown into a

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lurid glare with twisting flashes of flame shooting upward. And as those flames grew higher and higher and the glare spread until half the lake seemed lit up by it, she snuggled up close to Captain Kidd in her wonderment and terror, and the captain, opening both arms, held her so close that when all was over and only a dull glow lasted in the distance, Ah Ho was almost breathless from the embrace.

"She's gone, Chinkey," he said. For many minutes he remained silent, until even the glow was out of the sky; then he set Ah Ho down in the bottom of the boat and leaned over until his face was very near her own. "I'm going, too, Chinkey," he continued. "I've got to. Everybody'll know who Captain Kidd is now, an' there's fifty years o' bars waiting for me if I go back there!" He swept an arm toward the American shore. "I'll miss the old ship like the devil, but I don't know but I'll miss you more, Chinkey!"

Suddenly he reached out and took Ah Ho's face in both of his hands. "Listen, Chinkey!" he cried. "In the sand over there on the point I've buried all I ever made—and it's aplenty. The sand was safer'n banks, mind you, seeing as I was Cap'n Kidd, and I'm going for it—now! And when I get it I'm going to take you to a place away off there—so far up that it's cold most all the year 'round, and then—and then, Chinkey——"

He drew the girl's face so close to his own that his lips touched it. "And then I'm going to teach you American, an' you're going to teach me Chink, an' between us I'm going to find out darned soon how bad you hate that yellow-hided cuss who bought you. An' I reckon, Chinkey, that I've got enough to pay your family's debt."

With a cheery heigh-ho, Captain Kidd unlocked the boat's oars, turned his broad back upon Ah Ho, and struck out for the sand-dunes of Point Pelee.

The Hand of God

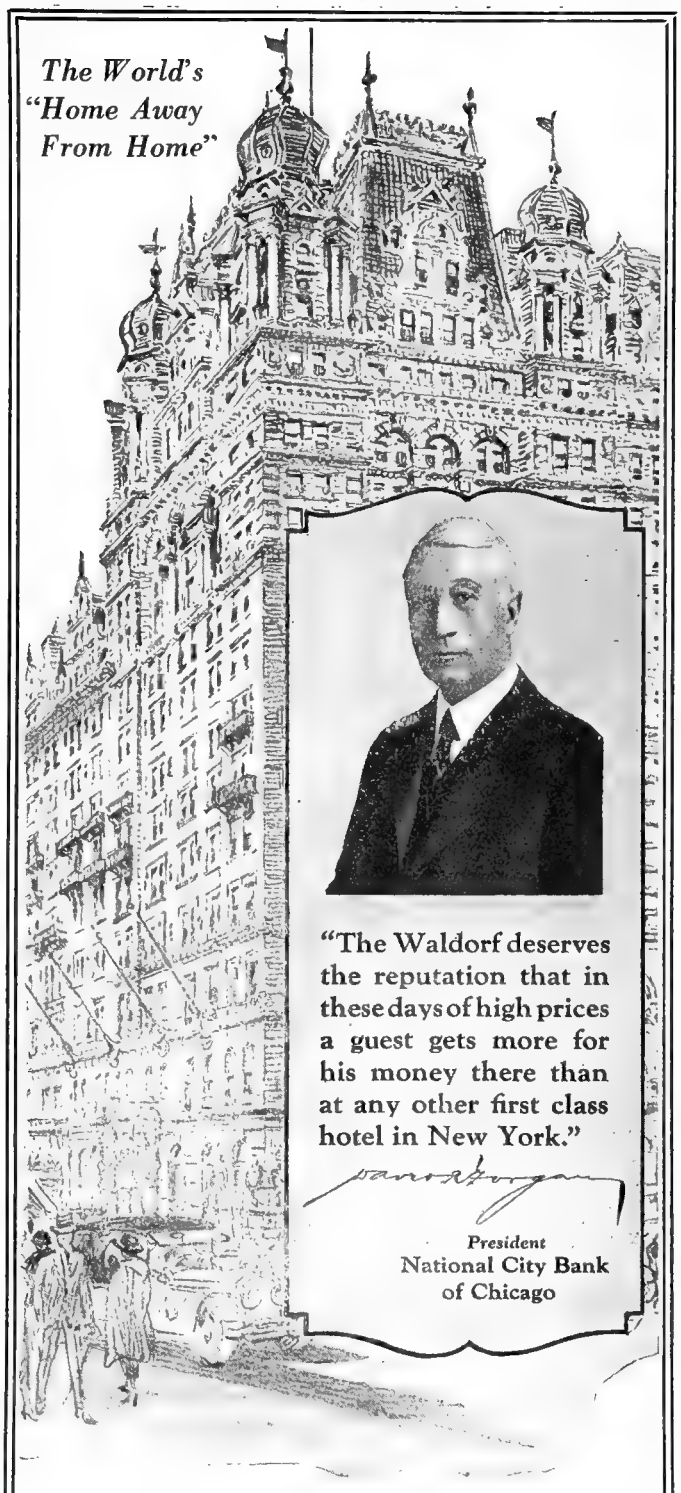
(*Continued from page* 21)

"And if he had recovered normally in an hour, or even two," rejoined the professor, "he would doubtless have slipped quietly away, made good his alibi, and you would have been left with an interesting unsolved mystery on your hands."

"Well, maybe," replied the chief. "As it is, though, Tom Marvin will go to the chair if he don't die before, which is likely, the doctor says, and a mighty good thing if he does for poor Miss Nannie's sake. She's a fine girl, and he is just what he called himself—a blackguard. Though, between you and me, professor, without wishing to speak ill of the dead, as a father the general was a damned fine soldier. But as to explanations," he added with a grin, "being only a low-brow cop, I guess I'll have to accept Father Rooney's, and let it go at that."

"The Hand of God?" ask the professor without a smile.

"Just that," replied the chief.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Our Neighbors to the South

(*Continued from page* 23)

I have recently returned from a tour of the Latin-American Republics, including the Republic of Panama, and I have talked with the Presidents, many cabinet officers, and high officials of the federal, state and city governments of these countries, and everywhere I was received with the utmost courtesy and manifest good will which I considered was not a personal tribute but a tribute of admiration and real friendship for the people of this city and our country.

Three of the Presidents whom I met and many other high officials, strangely enough, in the course of our talks, hit upon the same topic, "Why is it that so many Americans go annually to Europe on business and for pleasure, and why is it that so very few of them visit South America and those who come, remain with us but for a few days, hardly time to see our principal cities, even in a most superficial way, and of course they leave us with no real conception of our country and our people, and our institutions"?

I explained to them that I thought it was the custom of our people to regularly visit Europe on business and pleasure because they have been accustomed to do it for many years due to the fact that transportation between North and South America was long and intermittent, and the best and only comfortable routes were from New York to Liverpool and from there to South America.

I told them also that it must be due to some extent to the fact that our trade, in the nature of things, was largely with Europe for South America, with some important exceptions, dealt in substantially the same commodities that we produce in the United States, and that social relations usually follow the lines of business, and that there were many other impediments such as the difference in the language and difference in climate which had much to do with this lack of social intercourse between the people of the two continents.

The fact that the climate of South America in a general sense is exactly the reverse of the climate of North America, that their Summer is our Winter and our Winter their Summer, had something to do with the situation. But I felt also that the people of neither continent were doing their duty, nor were they making any real progress in bringing about a change in this order.

Very little or no news of South America is published in North American papers, and conversely very little news of North America appears in the newspapers of the great Southern Continent, and all that has been said of the failure of the people of our country to visit South America may be said with equal truth of the people of South America, for they seek also their vacation pleasures in Europe just as we do in North America.

It seems to me, however, that the story should now be told. The people of our country should be told that there now are adequate means of transportation, that the trip to South America is a very charming one, that they will find there great progressive cities in which they might find pleasure and entertainment which, to a North American, should be quite as captivating as those of continental Europe.

They will find that lines of communication are quite

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as good as they are with Europe, and they will also find that even though they leave our shores in the Summer time which is the Winter time in South America, they will not find the extremes of climate that we have here in the Winter time, for in all of Brazil the climate is the climate of Florida, with none of the extremes of the Florida climate, while the climate of Uruguay and the Argentine is, for the most part, the climate perhaps of North Carolina, except that Montevideo, Buenos Aires and vicinity have not known of frost for more than a generation.

They will find that the climate of the west coast is always mild, with none of the extremes that we are accustomed to in North America, and even the extreme torrid weather of our northern cities in the Summer time is practically unknown. So South America is a fairly comfortable place to visit either in the Summer time or the Winter time, and the trip under Summer skies for most of the way is delightful in the extreme.

While in my altogether too brief visit to Lima, I had the pleasure of meeting the illustrious President of the Republic, Mr. Leguia, one of the outstanding political figures of South America. He is a statesman of the first rank and easily one of the most able and progressive men who has ever been intrusted with the reins of government in his own country, or with the reins of government of any of the countries of South America.

He is now entering upon his third five-year term as President of the Republic of Peru, during which time he has led his country along the road of progress and to marvellous and surpassing development.

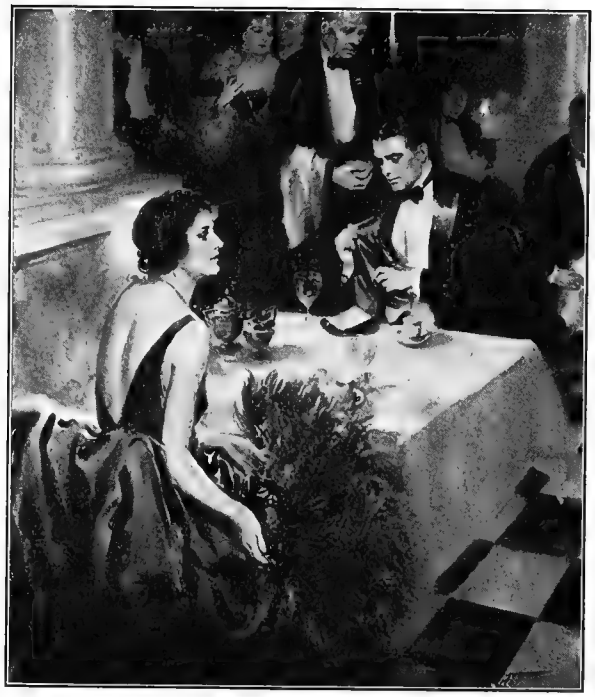
Foreign capital and engineering, much of it North American, is rapidly transforming and developing that country. Great railroads have been projected and are being constructed across the mountains, great water-powers have been developed and are in the course of development; irrigation is being extended, and the City of Lima itself, which is destined to be one of the most beautiful capitals of the world, is now being marvelously extended through great boulevards, leading in every direction and down to the sea.

The Leguia Era in Peru will be long remembered and his administration of affairs must be admired and might well be emulated by any progressive nation anywhere in the world.

Why don't we give a little more attention to South America, and why don't we even in a simple way demonstrate our interest, our desire to be of service, not "lip service," but real service, not professed admiration, but real admiration, not professed coöperation, but cordial coöperation and friendly relation along every line of endeavor?

The illustrious Dom Pedro, the last of the Emperors of Brazil, when he attended our Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia, and being present there on July 4, 1876, issued an imperial decree from Philadelphia ordaining that forever thereafter the Fourth Day of July, the Independence Day of the United States, should be celebrated in Brazil in the same way as they celebrate their own independence day, the Seventh Day of September.

That was a gracious act upon the part of the Emperor Dom Pedro and one which we might well emulate in this country, or at least in this, the greatest of Pan-American cities, the City of New York, for here in this city we should, of course, have a greater interest in



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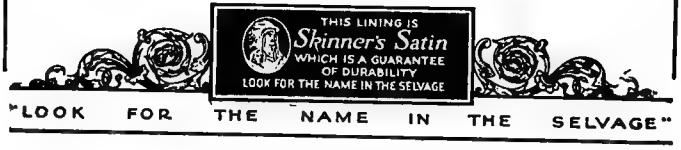

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The enormity of the transportation question is fully appreciated by the people. Unquestionably it stands out as a problem of gigantic proportions.

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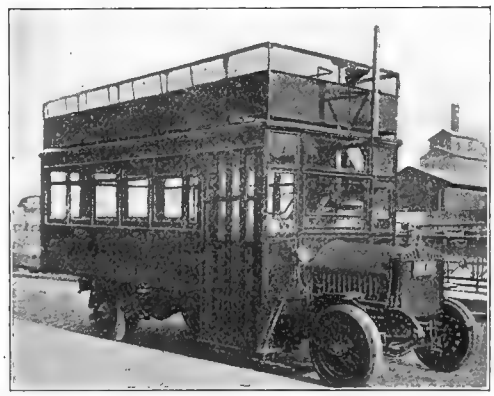

Under the direct personal supervision of Major Emil Leindorf, the inventor, a fleet of these buses were operated along the Grand Concourse in New York City for over two years without a single fatality recorded in the transportation of fifteen million passengers.

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South America than in any other city of the nation.

Why should we not celebrate in New York City in a great banquet with appropriate ceremonies the 7th day of September, the Independence Day of Brazil; why should we not celebrate here in the same way the 20th Day of May, the Independence Day of Uruguay; why should we not celebrate here the 25th Day of May, the Independence Day of the Argentine; why should we not celebrate here the 18th day of September, the Independence Day of Chile; why should we not celebrate here the 9th Day of December, the Anniversary of the Battle of Ayacucho, the Independence Day of Peru? And why should we not celebrate here also the Independence Day of the other republics of South America, of Central America and Mexico, and from that source and from the inspiration that will radiate therefrom we may, in a small way at least, demonstrate our admiration, our friendship and our sympathy for our sister republics to the south?

Yes, let us be up and doing; let us open up and expand existing avenues of communication and transportation; let us make the Spanish language a standard language that every school child of the United States shall learn in preference to any other foreign language, and let us extend throughout our country organized or unorganized propaganda which will teach our people all that they should know with respect to the people and the governments of the great countries to the south. And let us in every reasonable and proper way endeavor to break down the prejudice against us, built up by the Europeanizing forces who, for their own selfish reasons and because and through our seeming indifference or neglect, have had a monopoly in the development of trade and social intercourse with South America, and have made the most of their opportunities.

As a result of my short stay in South America, I am under the impression that the forward looking men of the Southern Continent believe that their future destiny is more closely associated with that of North America than it is with any of the Nations of the Old World.

I believe, too, that James G. Blaine, William McKinley and John Barrett, as well as many others who, for years labored for the establishment of a very close reciprocity and entente cordiale with the people of South America, were externally right, and we will do well to follow in their footsteps.

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Washington—Our Glorified First Policeman

Chief of a Struggling Nation He Did the Earliest Effective Police Work on Manhattan Island

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

[Subjoined are excerpts from a great address, delivered by Mr. Chapple, at the annual banquet of the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association, Police Department of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, February 23rd last.]

How fitting that this organization should glorify the name of George Washington, the first Chief of a struggling nation who did the first effective police work on the isle of Manhattan. He stands before us, the symbol of orderly government by law. Stalwart, erect, six foot two, courageous in every emergency, strong of arm and purpose, patient and firm in the faith of a representative Republic, his fame is as fixed as the Polar star.

Millions celebrate the birthday of Washington but few can recall the exact place of his birth, an abandoned homestead on the banks of the Potomac. It was appropriately called Wakefield, and here the world was indeed awakened and the fields of human hope widened on February 22, 1738 when George Washington was born. Three score and one years later his eyes closed to physical life in the last hours of the last month of an eventful century, but his vision had been fulfilled. As "father of his country" his name has passed on to deathless fame.

Left fatherless at eleven, the tiny lad assumed responsibilities. At thirteen he had written one hundred and ten maxims on civility and good behavior that would be standards in police or civic regulations today.

The school days of George Washington ceased at the age of sixteen when he took up civil engineering. He reckoned not only in the realities of land areas, but surveyed ideals—those subtle and measureless principles that form the foundation of his illustrious career.

In the city of his dreams, are two enduring monuments—triumphal twin landmarks of our nation's history. The towering shaft of the Washington monument and the classic pillars of the Lincoln shrine indicate how the lives of these two great Americans are entwined in the glory of our institutions.

The first biography that Abraham Lincoln read was that of Washington. Here he found the words written by Washington in 1786 to John Mercer which foreshadowed the emancipation proclamation:

"I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished *by law.*"

By law he freed one hundred and twenty-four slaves at Mount Vernon and blazed the pathway for Lincoln to break the shackles of the three million negroes in America.

Without dramatic pomp, Washington refused the

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offer of a third term as President more effectively than Caesar put away the laurel wreath.

When George Washington made the journey to Boston as Captain of the Militia, he was doing police duty. The young captain made many friends at that time who later called him to command the little Continental army under the elm at Cambridge. They *knew* their Washington.

In 1774 after hearing the impassioned speech of Patrick Henry following the arrival of the courier from Lexington, George Washington arose in the House of Burgesses and proclaimed in words of burning action and eloquence:

"I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense and march with them, at their head, for the relief of Boston!"

This was the "call to arms." What years of tragedy followed! Baffled in defeat, he never wavered although his little army dwindled to a small band of three thousand men—one-fourth the number of the Police force of New York City. Fighting the seasoned troops and hired Hessians of King George III; the victim of cabals and conspiracies with the Judas kiss of Arnold on his cheek; with Congress demanding his removal, Washington patiently and persistently carried on to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

In the God-sent fog and gloom which overhung Long Island, Washington's little army escaped as they fought their way across the Island of Manhattan making a stand at Forty-second Street and then on to Harlem. This retreat turned the fortunes of war and resulted in the decisive victory at Saratoga.

At Valley Forge the discouraged but not disheartened General looked upon the bloody foot-prints of his ragged soldiers—blood that seemed an atonement for the liberty for which he prayed alone in those dark hours of despair.

Victories on the battlefields were only the beginning of Washington's unparalleled career. It required thirteen years for the United States to create the Constitution and only *eight years to win the war* that created the Republic. He presided at the Convention that gave to the world the Constitution, pronounced by Gladstone as the "greatest document of human government ever written by the pen of man." . . .

Young and old, seem to come closer to Washington in the home at Mt. Vernon. Millions have trod softly the floor of the sacred chamber shrine where he died and at the tomb where wreaths and tributes are brought from every nation of every clime. In the sunset at Mount Vernon I looked upon the words nestling in overhung ivy: "Here rests George Washington." Here I stood with a tall, angular, stoop-shouldered, blue-eyed prince. Placing a wreath upon the tomb, he said:

"What a great thing to be the father of his country."

Twenty years after, the world was enveloped in war and across the seas flashed the message of a King echoing the spirit of Washington: *"My fellow citizens,"* was the salutation of the proclamation of a King. The prince who had paid this tribute to Washington remembered his ideals in that one great crisis when the fate of a world hung in the balance. It was "Albert, King of the Belgians."

More than any other one great man of the Republic George Washington belongs to New York. Here the United States of America first began to function when he was inaugurated President in a metropolis of thirty

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thousand people. It was a shabby town with narrow streets, poorly paved and sparsely lighted. The houses were of wood or brick and ranged in ragged rows. Everywhere there was dirt. Pigs roamed the public thoroughfares and served as garbage collectors.

New York stands today the great cosmopolitan city of the world. Strangers arriving from foreign shores bring their dreams of Arabian Nights. The gilded domes of Bagdad and Babylon in their supreme splendor are surpassed in the flashing skyline and myraids of lights dotting the terraces of New York sky scrapers.

Back of this skyline are the men wearing the blue—a little army of twelve thousand guarding ten billions of property and six millions of people, sleeping and waking. What a contrast to the armies of Cyrus, numbering a million men to protect a half million people!

Here the people of fifty-four nations live together in peace and community and there is no confusion of babble. Here order prevails, for in your Headquarters is one imbued with the spirit of Washington, one who came from your ranks and has reached an eminence of world fame as an administrative genius and the greatest Police Commissioner the world has ever known, Richard E. Enright.

At the City Hall in Washington's time there stood the town gallows for hangings for ten different offenses were then punishable by death. That gibbet ought again be used for those assassins who are killing your comrades on duty as has been done this very day.

The home of Washington was the very spot where the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge now stands. In Fraunce's tavern he bade farewell to his army, an occasion which revealed the tenderness and love of his great heart.

If only our people, our Congress and our school children would read more and more of Washington's words how many shoals might be avoided by the old Ship of State.

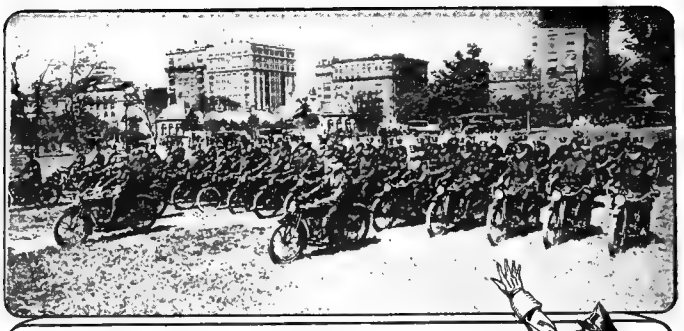
When Washington entertained he insisted on punctuality and greeted the late guests with the words: "My cook never asks whether the guests are here but whether the hour for dinner has arrived."

Washington was not accustomed to modern New York hours for he retired at 9 P. M. and arose at 4 A. M. in the morning, reversing the modern way of retiring at 4 and arising when the sun had passed the zenith of another day.

The 4th of March, 1789 was set as the day for the convening of the new Congress in New York but the members were laggard and tardy. It was the 6th of April before they found a quorum and counted the electoral votes which made George Washington President of the United States. On the 7th they sent Charles Thomson, clerk of every Congress to inform General Washington that he had been unanimously chosen as President. On the 27th Washington was in New York ready for the inauguration in New York, April 30, 1789, the real natal day of the U. S. A.

This was our Washington, the wise and able soldier, the profound statesman, whose judgment and poise in the hour of peril, courage and vision in times of adversity and grasp of fundamentals seemed to enable him to vision the future of a Nation unparalleled in history.

The mists of mere praise are being lifted. We now



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see Washington, the human—Washington the man. The magic of his memory year by year comes to us like a re-consecration of citizenship. We look again upon the flag of our country, now more than a nation's emblem and in its gentle folds is illumined forever the imperishable soul of Washington!

The Hole in the Law

(*Continued from page* 27)

steam locomotive. He laid out his case with all the enjoyment of a Shakespearian actor. He delved into history. He brought forth ample statistics to show that two-thirds of the crime in the United States was committed by foreigners, and here was one of the cursed breed—a foreigner! No man's life was safe while the immigration laws were so lax as to permit the influx of the alien hordes! Here was a brute, an abysmal killer of the cruelest kind! And so on. It was great stuff and he acted the part well.

Mitchell sat by and nodded his head gently now and again. Once when Burt went off into a panegyric outlining the grief of the stricken father, that gentle, tender-hearted and widowed parent, whose gray hairs and wracked heart were respected by every soul in the community, Mitchell permitted a grin to cross his face and the judge growled and scowled at him. But Burt went on, picturing the cruel wrong of a fine young man struck down in the very heart of the community that loved him and hoped for him as a mother loves and hopes for her son, and in the court-room could be seen amazement. Some of those good folk were doubtless wondering who that much-loved victim was.

MacTavish sat stonily silent. He had himself well in hand. Not a word did he say, not a look did he give to acknowledge that the words he heard were directed at him. It was as fine an exhibition of self-control as I ever witnessed.

Burt took all day to his task. He went off on little side trips of elocution, and merry jaunts of oratory. He animadverted, and charged and described and accused and walked up and down and instructed the judge and was affectionate with the jury and he brought forth witnesses after witness to prove this trifle or that non-essential, and with final triumph produced the fatal and incriminating testimony of the dead man

"Look, gentlemen of the jury," he cried. "Look at this final evidence from the very hand of God himself! It was not the purpose of the Almighty that this foul assassin should escape. Such an escape would be contrary to the Divine Will, and so God so ordered that by the hand of the stricken victim should the accusation come. When all eye-witnesses were lacking, with even circumstantial evidence absent, yet the victim, this fine young man, himself found strength to write the charge of murder. In conclusion, gentlemen of the jury, I read you the last words of Welch. Listen. 'MacTavish shot me, and I'll scrag him for it when I get well.' There you are, gentlemen. Welsh lies in his grave, but there sits MacTavish, his murderer. I leave the case with you, gentlemen."

And Burt sat down with a triumphant air as one who would say the last nail had been driven and he defied anyone to pry it loose. There was scattering applause throughout the courtroom, and the jury con-

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sulted together. Then Mitchell rose. He was very calm.

"Your Honor," he said quietly, addressing the judge. "May I inquire if the prosecution has other witnesses to present in this case?"

"No other witnesses," snapped Burt. "We've proved our case. The finding of the victim, the testimony of Dr. Curtis who attended him, and the report of the coroner have been merely perfunctory, as your honor knows. The people rest on the direct accusation I have just introduced."

"Then I understand that the People's case is complete," went on Mitchell, suavely. "There is nothing more in the way of evidence to be introduced against my client."

"The district attorney says his case is closed, sir," snapped the Judge. "You may proceed to introduce your witnesses, Mr. Mitchell."

"Oh, the defense desires to offer no evidence, your Honor," said Mitchell. "The defense is content to leave the case with your Honor as it stands in law."

"You offer no defence?" asked the astounded Judge.

"None, your Honor," replied Mitchell, "and if the district attorney has quite finished——"

"The People are all through," laughed Burt.

"Then in that case, sir, I move that your Honor instruct the jury to enter a verdict of acquittal," said Mitchell.

"Of what?" asked the Judge, staring.

"Of acquittal, your Honor," said Mitchell, easily. "Your Honor will see——"

The foreman of the jury arose and lifted a hand.

"Your Honor, this jury finds the prisoner guilty without leaving the jury box," he said loudly.

"Your Honor will of course instruct the jury that such a verdict is impossible under the law," said Mitchell.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the Judge.

"Pardon me, but your Honor will undoubtedly see that the law permits no other course. Let me elucidate, your Honor," Mitchell proceeded calmly. "This accusation reads very plainly—" he took it from the hand of the foreman of the jury. "The law provides the exact measure in which an ante-mortem statement shall be credible as evidence. The law presumes that a man about to die will not lie if he knows that he is about to die, but that knowledge of impending death must be definitely established. If, on the contrary, he does not believe he is about to die, or in fact believes contrariwise, the ante-mortem statement becomes of no more importance than any other unsworn testimony. In other words it has no weight as evidence at all. And this statement has just that value. Note the wording, your Honor and gentlemen of the jury. 'MacTavish shot me, and I'll scrag him for it *when I get well.*' Note the conviction of recovery. The man was sure he would get well, and when he did he proposed revenge. This paper has no weight at all, and under the law, since the People have introduced no other evidence tending to connect my client with this crime, your Honor has no other course in law than to order the jury to enter a verdict of acquittal."

Burt gave a splendid imitation of a madman; the jury refused point blank, the Judge swallowed hard, grew red in the face, read the excerpts Mitchell handed him and did as he was legally forced to do. And MacTavish walked out of court a free man.

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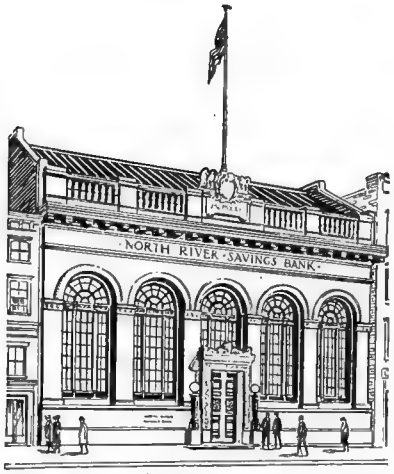

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"And there's a plain case of a hole in the law," said the Inspector. "Moreover, the interesting point is that under the fundamental law MacTavish can never again be tried for that crime, no matter if a hundred witnesses should appear to swear they saw him commit it."

"And what became of MacTavish?" asked Preston.

"Three days after that verdict the United States went into the war," said the Inspector. "MacTavish enlisted among the first, but not until he had spent two days in Philadelphia. It is no breach of confidence for me to say that he found a wife in that city. Both of you ought to have the ability to fill in the gaps for yourself."

"And after the war?"

"Oh, the war made a lot of changes. In men as well as nations. There was MacTavish who went in as a private and came out as a——" Gregory paused and I saw his eyes drift to the table near us where the young officer rose to greet a charming young woman who came to him smilingly, "—he came out as a lieutenant-colonel. And do you know, sometimes I'm glad the law has a hole or two to keep it from being too damn perfect."

The Mendicant's Star

(*Continued from page* 31)

a voice in which suppressed emotion was evident, he exclaimed:

"Twenty!"

"Five," shortly responded the newcomer and he stood expectingly waiting.

Seizing the arm of the newcomer the stranger, with difficulty controlled his excitement.

"Twenty, we are lost! I have, but a few minutes past, delivered the Star into the hands of a man who spoke the password. See! I have just finished this telegram to be relayed to Zero." And the stranger held the message in code up to the startled gaze of the newcomer.

"How did you come to do that?"

"I've told you Twenty, the man was familiar with the whole arrangement. I mistook him for you."

"Where was the man waiting?"

"At the fountain at Rond Point. Just where it was agreed."

"Come!" said the newcomer. "We may yet find him and if he is still alone....."

The two quickly crossed Avenue Montaigne and set off in search of Jean Paul Laurent. But they found the fountain deserted.

III

The following evening Jean Paul was the same unfortunate.

The first place he had visited during the morning was one of the most celebrated jewelers of Paris, in the Rue de la Paix.

This visit had almost proven disastrous.

The immaculate clerk, looking suspiciously at him and even more so at the diamond, told him to wait a moment while he summoned somebody else—who appeared immediately. But this somebody looked at Laurent; looked even more suspiciously at him than the clerk. On seeing the diamond his attitude changed

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to one of unctious courtesy. Would Monsieur wait some minutes for their expert who was occupied at the moment? Would Monsieur be seated?

Laurent's intuitions having been daily exercised through a period of fifteen years, prompted him, as the jeweler turned to procure his much occupied expert, to slip out of the door and around the corner of the first cross-street he came to. Not until he was well out of the Rue de la Paix district did he slacken his pace and stroke his white beard meditatively.

Another attempt at a smaller jewelry establishment in the Faubourg St. Honoré proved as unfruitful of results as had his first appearance in the Ru de la Paix.

Here the proprietor, in no uncertain tones of voice, demanded to know from where he had gotten the diamond. Laurent appreciated the anomaly of a person in rags and tatters being in possession of such a regal gem and, mindful too of the curious clerks who began to gather about, he affected an air of indignation and stumped out of the place. As he did so he heard the jeweler call him a "canaille," and the door slammed behind him.

These two experiences on an empty stomach proved fatiguing and the hour being almost noon Laurent turned his steps in the direction of the 'Headquarters of the Society for the Relief of Indigents' near the Ecole Militaire.

Here he satisfied a gnawing appetite on a dish of beans and a chunk of bread. During the eating of this meal he decided to visit the Arcade of Bric-a-Brac situated near the Bastille. The proprietor of this place, he had heard, acted in the double capacity of proprietor of the Arcade and fence for light-fingered gentry.

The exclamation of awe that Uncle Uriah stifled when he beheld the diamond gave Laurent an idea of its great value.

"It's a fine stone but has many flaws," said the fence.

In the eyes of the old begger, whom he had never seen before, shone the same glint of cunning as in his own.

This client evidently knew the value of the stone and Uncle Uriah thought it well to be candid.

"I can't handle it.....too risky!"

"Who will buy it?" inquired Laurent.

"The owner maybe," said Uncle Uriah.

And he smiled and rubbed his hands together as if well pleased with his witticism.

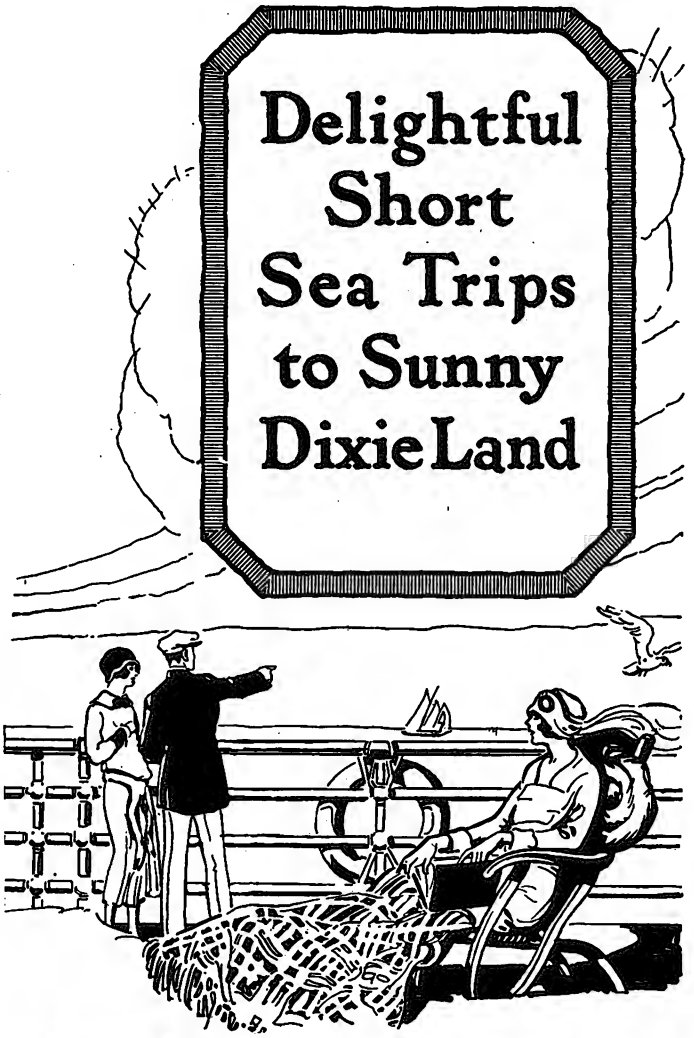
Jean Paul returned to the Pont Alma.

It was already evening and he felt tired and hungry after that long walk. As he looked at the diamond, refulgent even in the shadows of the bridge, he realized the hopelessness of selling the extraordinary stone and his thoughts turned on the events of the past twenty-four hours; in particular the gift of the star miraculously descending upon him in answer to his wish.

Surely Professor Ingres had been wrong. He was convinced there was something super-natural about his ability to wish. And, if he had wished once with such cuccess, why not again? Only, this time, the spirit that brooded in the dark celestial vault overhead would not permit him to wish for something so useless as the diamond that lay so unprofitably in his open palm.

Yes, he would wish again!.....a wish for something better than the diamond.

Jean Paul felt the sudden conviction that some occult power suffused him. He trembled with suppressed eagerness to exercise again his awesome control on a hither-



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Krom-merssche

IF your cross-word puzzle calls for a word of eight letters meaning a crooked little swamp, you may safely write "G-r-a-m-e-r-c-y." For in the long ago Gramercy Park was a crooked little swamp, a krom-merssche. But in time it became New York's most exclusive playground, and krom-merssche became .Gramercy. For nearly half a century the stately homes of Gramercy have been daily stopping places for a part of Knickerbocker's Ice Delivery Fleet.

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to unresponsive universe. He felt strangely exalted.

He was already on his feet, his long thin hands extended toward the sky that, this evening, was hid by a low-hanging bank of fog; red tinted with the glare from the galaxy of lights along the Champs Elysée and the Place de la Concorde.

"I wish.....I wish," he exclaimed, "for something better than a star."

Hardly had he uttered these words when a crashing blow descended on his head.

For the fractional part of a second he thought he was again looking at a star-lit heaven. But, such a confused heavens. Moons and stars appeared in constellations sadly mingled and were extinguished as he sank into oblivion.

IV

The next thing that Jean Paul Laurent became cognizant of was the fact that a tasty soup was being slowly trickled into his mouth as somebody in white stood by. Further, that he had found difficulty in opening his eyes or now that they were open, to keep them so.

At the same moment he became aware of a dull throbbing pain in his head which, as he turned it to one side to obtain an idea of his surroundings, felt many times it former size.

As he was about to demand information of the somebody feeding him the soup this person spoke and he realized it was a man speaking. He was unable to see the speaker's face because of something that came well down over his brows and which only permitted him a view of a white waistline.

"You bums are certainly lucky fellows. Two days ago I wouldn't have given ten sous for your life. To-day you are alive and listen to this!"

Jean Paul Laurent heard, as from a distance, the crackle of paper and then the man's voice again as it said:

"Here's what the *'Matin'* has to say about you."

And the voice continued as coming from an even greater distance. Laurent found it impossible to keep his eyes open but he put all his energy into hearing what was being read.

"Jean Laurent, the ancient beggar who, as announced in the *'Matin'* of yesterday morning, was rescued by Agents des Surété Géreaux and Bésernard, after being brutally assaulted by the notorious anarchist Dugain, whose capture and imprisonment was also affected at this time, has come into a windfall.

"Monsieur Surier, Préfet for the Department of the Seine, has decided that the reward of fifty thousand francs offered by his office for the capture of anarchist Dugain shall be paid to the indigent Jean Laurent whose assault was instrumental in affecting his capture; for, he had succeeded in eluding Agents Géreaux and Bésernard, who were trailing him, and it was only through the cry of Laurent as he was struck down by Dugain that the attention of the officers had been directed to the quay immediately under the Pont Alma.

"Monsieur Surier has recommended to the Senate that like sums be paid to the Agents Géreaux and Bésernard as also a vote of thanks from the Senate. On the person of the anarchist Dugain was found the celebrated diamond called the Star.

"This diamond, weighing three hundred and eleven carats, one of the crown jewels of the late Czar of

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Russia and smuggled into France by Dugain, has an estimated value of twelve million francs. It has now been confiscated by our government."

At the mention of the word "star," Jean Paul Laurent murmured:

"My star....."

But, so softly had this been said that the man who was speaking had not been interrupted. Finally, however, the ward attendant finished reading and laid the paper at the foot of the cot saying:

"Well, that's what I call luck."

Then, bringing forth a piece of gauze from one of the pockets of his white jacket, he expertly removed all traces of the soup from the beard of Laurent and as he did so he heard him whisper:

"Something better.....than a star."

As the ward attendant moved away he muttered to himself:

"It beats all hell the luck of some of these lousy bums!"

Crime Detection an Art

(*Continued from page* 36)

was accused of having added these words: "and good for the receipt of 25,000 francs".

These words and those which preceded them having undisputedly been written by the same hand, showed nothing to substantiate the accusing partner's claim by their appearance, even when seen through a powerful microscope. Then an expert chemist who specialized in inks took his place at the microscope. With a fine platinum wire, dipped in an appropriate reagent, he touched the down-stroke of a letter in the first part of the disputed sentence; then touched another stroke, this time in one of the words that were said to have been added. In one place the ink turned red; in the other, blue. The words were written with different inks, and were therefore written at different times.

Nor was this all. If the words had been added as alleged, the revenue stamps which are required to legalize every document must have been shifted from one place on the paper to another. So the chemist removed them, and washed them with a few drops of distilled water, and examined these drops through the microscope. In them there floated starch cells, easily recognizable by their distinctive form. The stamps, then, had been removed, probably by soaking, and paste had been used to replace the glue with which the stamps had originally been provided. So the accused was guilty, Q. E. D.

Not always, however, can these ultra-scientific methods serve the entire purpose of crime detection. More often it is the trained observation of the Belgian detective, combined with what we Americans are wont to term horse sense. A recent case, taken at random from many, exemplifies this.

The body of a man was found hanging, and it was supposed to be a case of suicide; but the detective who came to make the formal examination was troubled with doubts. Motive for murder could be established; the dead man had an enemy. So this operative looked into the matter closely, and reasoned as follows:

If a man hangs himself, he first makes the rope fast —it was tied around a beam in this instance—then, mounting a chair or other support, adjusts the noose

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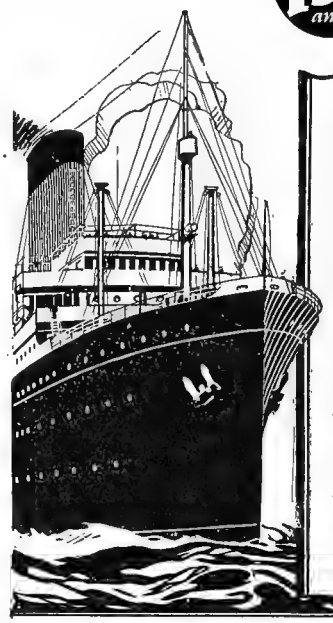

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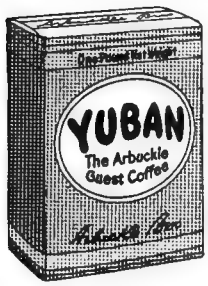

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around his neck and kicks the support away. If a murder was committed by hanging the victim, the procedure would naturally be somewhat different. The noose would first be adjusted, the rope thrown over the beam and the body hoisted into place. This would cause the fibers of that rope, where it had come into contact with the beam, to lie flat, and the wood fibers also to lie in the direction of the pressure thus exerted. If it were suicide, on the other hand, the rope fibers, raised by the strain of the hanging body, would stand erect, and the wood fibers would point downward, on both sides of the beam, toward the dependent weight.

These indications all pointed to murder, and the suspect was arrested. In prison he was set to tying up packages, and it was found that he always fastened the string with the same complicated knot that was used in tying that fatal noose around the beam. Confronted with this additional evidence, he confessed.

A third case demands notice because, so far as we are able to ascertain, it is absolutely unique in modern history, and as such it perfectly exemplifies a characteristic of the Belgian police that was mentioned in the beginning of this article. That is, their readiness to try any legitimate means, no matter how fantastic those means may appear, so long as there is a possibility of their bringing about the desired results. It is to the very last degree improbable that the Belgian sleuth is of a confidingly credulous type. It is certain that neither his scientific training nor his constant contacts with humanity in its least desirable forms have any tendency to make him so. Yet the following narrative is condensed from one of the official reports:

It was discovered that a factory in the town of Goor had been burglarized, and that the watchman had disappeared. He had left no traces behind; heavy rain, falling during the night, had washed away any footprints and also any scent that dogs could follow. Exhaustive search for the missing man was made. Nearby woods, where a body might have been buried, was dug up and a neighboring pond was dragged vainly. For months the affair remained an unsolved mystery.

Then some clothing and the stock of a gun were found and brought to the Public Prosecutor. The clothing revealed nothing. On the plate of the gun-stock some gray hairs were found, and there was every reason to suppose that they had grown on the missing watchman's head. A renewed search, however, was no more fruitful than before; and circumstances, which included the arrest of a suspect, required that the *corpus delicti*, if any, should be produced.

All ordinary means of accomplishing this end already had been employed, so the police turned to those that were anything but ordinary. A Mr. Kruse, a most respectable grain-and-feed dealer in the neighboring town of Enshede, had a considerable local reputation as a "sourcier", and was asked to try to accomplish by his art what otherwise seemed impossible. He consented.

Now the word "sourcier" has no connection with "sorcerer", as at first glance it might seem to have. It means simply one who discovers "sources", or springs. He was, in short, one who used the so-called "divining-rod", well-known both here and in Europe, customarily used for discovering underground water, and in some cases, it is said, to discover mines. But Mr. Kruse had found, while hunting for water, that his rod would dip at a buried body. It twice had done

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so; and though in both cases the bodies were those of long-dead horses, there was no reason to suppose that a human corpse would fail to produce the same reaction. So he sallied forth.

In the United States the divining-rods are customarily forks of witch-hazel, though occasionally other woods are used. It seems, however, that the material is of little consequence. Mr. Kruse used a V-shaped piece of wire.

The rod, held point-upward, soon dipped; that is, the inverted "V" endeavored, without visible cause, and without any possibility of having been influenced by muscular action on the part of Mr. Kruse, to reassume its normal position. They dug where the rod pointed, but without success. The rod insisted, by its actions, that no mistake had been made, so they went on digging. Soon a piece of old canvas was found, and in it was the body of the murdered watchman.

Now, there has always been a dispute as to the value of the divining-rod. It is certainly true that no one can adequately explain it. But the Belgian detectives were not interested in explanations. They tried it, and it worked. The results obtained were beyond any possibility of dispute. And that was *that!*

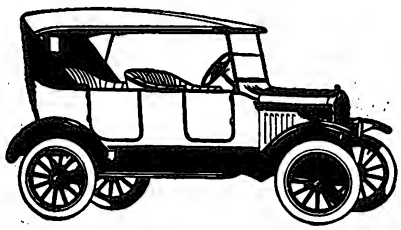
In citing the above case we do not mean to imply that we returned with any intention of recommending divining-rods, of wire, witch-hazel or any other material as regular police equipment, but simply to show the readiness of the Belgians to adopt any methods that may serve their ends. Many of their methods, superexcellent under Belgian conditions, would be useless or impossible in the United States.

A case in point is the custom of exchanging permanently appointed liaison officers with the police of neighboring European nations. We Americans, quite incidentally, had especial reason to be thankful for this custom. The officer assigned from Scotland Yard, Inspector Martin J. Clancy, had mastered the French tongue, and endeared himself to all of us by his genial personality and his unfailing readiness to act as a much-needed interpreter, in season and out. Clancy, however, was only one of many.

The Belgian Bureau of Criminal Identification is not maintained by any branch of the police, but is under direct control of the Minister of Justice who is, of course, a member of the Royal Cabinet. The head of this bureau, with the title of Director, is M. Theodore Burgerhoff, universally recognized as the dean of his profession. He is a thinker, constantly devising new and valuable methods of forwarding his work. He was not entirely satisfied with either the Henry system of finger-print classification, used in Great Britain, nor the Vucotich system of South America; yet he found merit in both. So he arranged a combination of the two, which he calls the Belgian System; and a very good system it is.

This, however, is not to the present point. What we meant to emphasize was the character of the man himself, his fluent English, the benevolent kindness which is made evident by every twinkle of his humorous eyes and by every act.

Genial and kindly also was M. Louis Gonne, Administrative Director-General of Prisons and Public Safety. It was he who acted as toastmaster in a farewell dinner given to us, the visiting Americans, by the Belgian police and other high officials. They had even paid us the graceful compliment of displaying the flag of the



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New York Police prominently among the decorations of the rooms.

In none of the countries visited by us had we any occasion to complain of discourtesy. Quite the contrary. It is therefore in no invidious sense that the Belgian attitude is mentioned. From the moment of our arrival we were made to feel that we were warmly welcome, both personally and for the sake of the country whence we came. There Uncle Sam was regarded with grateful affection that was shown nowhere else.

Gladly would we have prolonged our stay, but the duties of our itinerary called us, and we had to go. The last that we saw of Brussels was its huge but beautiful Palais de Jusice, perched high on its hill-top, as though to protect the city beneath. We were twenty miles away before it faded from our view, leaving behind it memories that will forever stand forth among the most pleasant of our lives.

A New Immigration Plan

THE present quota basis for immigration control is manifestly unsatisfactory. It imposes hardships, takes no account of population needs, and provides not at all for the most important phase of the immigrant problem, viz., distribution.

Large employers of labor find no pleasure in the contemplation of restricted or controlled immigration, and for this there need be no censure. Each individual sees the world and its affairs through his own particular spectacles, and judges his industrial conditions by his own requirements. The manufacturer is concerned with maximum production at minimum cost. Whatever interferes with this, or tends to raise his costs meets with his instant opposition. That is but natural. For years American manufacturers have depended upon heavy immigration to keep down labor costs, but whatever their particular problem must be, the vital requirements are that the welfare of the country at large be considered.

A line drawn east and west through Baltimore, and north and south through Indianapolis will enclose between those lines, the Canadian border and the Atlantic sea coast over 60 per cent of the population of the United States, and less than one-sixth of its geographical area. That is an accidental condition, and came about because the tide of immigration flowed westward from Europe. Had we been discovered and settled by Asiatics undoubtedly the reverse might have been true, and the hinterland would not lie along the Atlantic Coast. Being committed to a white population we have erected barriers on our Western coastline, and so our immigration problem becomes increasingly difficult, first because we still draw 99 per cent of our new population from Europe, and second because they have to pass through our thickly settled east to reach our thinly settled west. The natural economic processes reduce the immigrant flow west of the Mississippi to virtually nothing. That is the condition. What of the remedy?

First do the west, north-west and south-west want new population? There need be no hesitation in answering in the affirmative. Can those sections absorb a large new population, and support it? Again, yes. Then we come to the method.

Immigrant flow is through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, almost exclusively. There is a flow across the Canadian and Mexican borders, and a

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large "bootleg" immigration. But the points of control are those ports mentioned. Let us then amend the immigration laws to permit the absolute closing of the Atlantic ports to all immigration on giving three months' notice to the steamship lines and to our consular representatives in Europe. But, let us open our doors to quota immigration through Galveston, the Pacific Coast ports that can be reached by way of the Canal, and by arrangement with Canada for bonded transfer over Canadian lines only to points west of Minneapolis.

This allows direct, controlled distribution of those who wish to dwell with us. It will be argued that there will be leakage back to the East. That is almost negligible, but if deemed a dangerous factor, is controllable by a proper registration system which all immigration officials have hoped for during these many years. Such a system has so many advantages that its adverse factors may well be neglected. The most important is that it enables the Federal officials to keep tract of those entering the country with wrongful intent. We need not disguise from ourselves that a great number or undesirables manage to find entry, and then proceed to carry on undemocratic practices that but serve to further increase the lawlessness of our alien population. A registry system entails slight difficulty in establishment, is inexpensive in operation through existing federal offices, and will have a highly desirable effect on the new citizen.

For such a distribution system as that indicated there are needed additional features that will take into account the requirements of the various States. Nearly all States of the Union have immigration bureaus, and it would seem to be a proper provision that the States themselves should analyze their needs and at stated intervals—say semi-annually—report their population requirements to the Immigration Bureau at Washington where the figures would be collated and transmitted to the foreign points at which the immigrant will embark.

If it be suggested that this would operate to the disadvantage of the intending immigrant, it may be replied that quite the contrary is the case. Definite informantion as to the population needs and conditions, real facts and figures about the opportunities in the various lines of industry in each State, and heavy penalties imposed on the steamship companies for violation of the immigration laws would be a protection to the man or woman contemplating a residence with us.

A brief glance at the immigration figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, proves in a startling manner how the present lack of system operates to the disadvantage of the United States. In that year 680,642 immigrants were admitted to the country. In the northeastern States and one or two central States over 65 per cent settled. The actual figures show that in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, 440,253 of our new immigrant population settled. In the South Atlantic and Gulf States where labor is becoming an increasing problem with the migration of the negro northward, the settlement was almost negligible. Deleware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennesee, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi received but 14,259.

The Central States fare badly, too, for in Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota and Arkansas but 81,932 of the new population dropped anchor.

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The Mountain and Western States with their large arable areas did hardly as well, and we find that Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Colorado, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Wyoming, took in but 86,982 of the year's quota. Texas alone gathered 57,016, but relatively few of these were Europeans, the greater number coming north over the Mexican border.

A little further consideration of the figures shows where the tide lingers. For instance the total New York State figures are 166,749, and the greater part of this remained in New York City or its environs. The same trend is seen in Massachusetts where, too, with 61,938 immigrants, the greater part of whom settled in and about Boston. Pennsylvania's 47,344 remained almost entirely in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and when Michigan gathered in 60,482 it is pretty evident that the labor circles of Detroit were considerably augmented, particularly when Indiana with equal agricultural advantages and almost as large a population got but 5,311.

The Illinois quota was 46,254, but the State outside Chicago saw but few of them.

Consideration of the figures shows plainly that the congested centres are becoming more congested, and that the sparsely settled areas where labor is at a premium get but a fraction of the new citizenry. We need a distribution plan, and one that is sufficiently flexible to take care of the country's needs, but unless this distribution is accomplished with the cooperation of the States themselves any plan is virtually but further clogging of already overcrowded centres.

Making the Metropolis Safe

(*Continued from page* 29)

addition, the men of the Bureau conducted other missionary operations. On the public streets they cautioned 99,407 jay-walkers. They delivered personal cautions to 16,058 boys found stealing rides, and explained to 7,485 persons indulging in unsafe traffic practices the danger of their methods.

The Bureau early discovered that general cautions were of little use, and set about specific admonitions and instructions. The idea was to bring home to the individual his own responsibility as a contributing factor, and one of the most successful methods for doing this was discovered to be the personal safety pledge. First the school children were approached and a special form of pledge was designed which bore spaces for the scholar's signature, and also the parent or guardian's name. One million two hundred and fifty thousand of the school children of Greater New York signed those pledges, which is virtually 100%. Then a two weeks' drive among car operators was put on and pledges for safety were obtained from 400,000 drivers. The results were at once apparent, as both death and accident figures fell off very markedly in the month following the pledge drives.

Brake inspection was next undertaken, and a squad composed of one lieutenant and eight patrolmen was assigned to this duty. In 1924 these men inspected 131,436 motor-cars on the streets. They found and had corrected 21,894 cars with defective brakes, and 11,354 cars with defective steering apparatus. In addition to this, where both brakes on a car were found in bad

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condition, the driver was summoned to court and 2,082 convictions for this and 189 convictions for bad steering-gear were obtained, together with 1,370 convictions for other violations. All told, the fines from this campaign aggregated $20,400. This is mentioned specifically because the figures show that about 23% of all cars were found to be in such bad order as to be dangerous in operation, a very important contributory factor to accidents.

Visualization of an idea is stressed by the Bureau as may be seen from its Safety Parade, staged last May on Fifth Avenue, where, with the co-operation of 12,000 citizen marchers, fifty-eight floats and thirty-one bands participated. The parade took over three hours to pass the reviewing stand. During the Democratic Convention a safety caravan of ten floats paraded all over the city.

All these features were of necessity devised and put into operation or effect during the two and one-half years the Bureau of Public Safety has been in existence, though the figures given here are the result of but two years' actual work. Posters, warnings, illuminated signs, pledges, publicity and the like have all been worked out and produced, and even radio broadcasting has not been forgotten.

And last, but by no means least, it should be noted that the safety service has been almost entirely without cost to the city, since, there being no available appropriation for such work, Deputy Commissioner Collier has financed the work from his own pocket, and has announced his intention of continuing to do so as long as there is necessity for it.

Incidentally, New York has reason to be grateful to its Special Deputy Police Commissioners, for it was one of them also, Commissioner Harriss, in fact, who devised and financed out of his own pocket the excellent traffic-tower system first installed on Fifth Avenue, and which has been copied in every large city of the country, and many in Europe. In Berlin the police are especially interested in the traffic-tower system, and they have also evinced the keenest interest in the work of the Bureau of Public Safety, having kept in close touch with it, and adopting most of its salient features.

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When Jules H. ("Doc") Waterbury died on March 17th, Crookdom lost one of its shining lights.

An American Jekyll and Hyde Passes

"Doc" Waterbury, International Crook, College Man and Football Player, Had a Long and Unique Crime Record

ABOUT the time that Robert Louis Stevenson was creating the composite character of the *Dr. Henry Jekyll* who on occasion became *Mr. Edward Hyde,* a small boy born on a farm near Ithaca, N. Y. began to walk to the nearest rural school. The boy from that point took on many of the quirks of character of Stevenson's dual hero, and gradually developed into one of the most notorious of the long roster of international crooks.

Eradicated from Cornell, it was not long before the police of two continents were aware of the devious operations of one "Doc" Waterbury. From first to last Ford—or Waterbury, insisted he was an incarnation of the Stevenson theory, or in other words, that his was a dual nature in which as Ford his life was honest and upright, and as Waterbury his sole inclinations were toward crime. And for a period of thirty years this thorn in the side of European and American police supplied evidences of his theory.

On St. Patrick's Day last his career closed abruptly in the farm house where he was born, and police files in a hundred cities will be corrected to show "Doc" Waterbury as having passed to that bourne whence no crook may return to disturb police serenity.

Perhaps in all the annals of American crime there appears no stranger or more mysterious character than this farmer boy from Ithaca who "bilked" the most astute and wealthy men of Europe and the United States, who posed as an aristocratic "spender" in London and New York, and wound up after a lapse of fifty years exactly where he began. He had won two or three fortunes, but left nothing but a grief-stricken mother and wife, and a most variegated police record.

Ford was 50 years old. He attended Cornell University in 1894 and was well known as a football player. He later coached several teams in the West.

Early in his career he went to Paris and on his return posed as a representative of The Associated Press in Washington. Representing to many Congressmen and Government officials that he was acting for The Associated Press in preparation for a biographical volume, he obtained large sums of money. He was indicted for receiving money under false pretenses, but escaped to Europe. On his return through a Canadian port, he was arrested and sentenced to the Atlanta Penitentiary.

This, so far as known, was his first arrest and was the first time that public attention was attracted to

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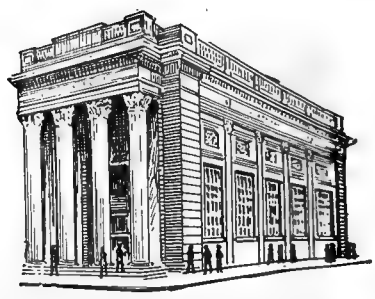

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his spectacular acts. He was generally regarded as the first of the "we boys" who represented themselves as journalists in order to "shake down" public men who foolishly believed that contributions of money would win them favorable treatment in the press.

After leaving Atlanta, he returned to New York and became well known on Broadway. His operations were closely watched by the police, because of reports of forgeries and various swindles in which he won the confidence of unsuspecting persons. He was arrested later on the charge of abducting a girl whom he had promised to introduce to theatrical managers, but jumped his bail and fled to Europe again.

While police were searching for him he tricked them into arresting another man whose name was J. H. Ford, but who was a perfectly respectable business man. This episode had hardly died down when a Memphis business man complained that the swindler had done him out of $7,500.

In 1914 Ford was arrested for swindling the William A. Necker Undertaking Company out of money he said would be used in payment for an advertisement. He still represented himself as a newspaper man. Dr. C. H. Sahler of Kingston, also charged at that time that Waterbury and another man swindled him out of checks supposedly for two New York papers by representing themselves as an editor and as "Irvin S. Cobb, a reporter." Ford was charged with posing as Cobb on another occasion.

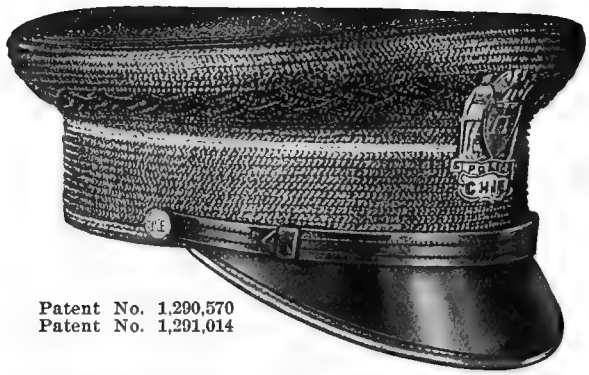
He was arrested in 1916 on the charge of inducing E. D. Easton, President of the Columbia Phonograph Company, to cash a bad check on a London bank. Two years later he was arrested on the charge of swindling Lieutenant Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., out of $1,000 for the ostensible purpose of providing libraries for American Army encampments in France. He was arrested the same year for violating the anti-loafing law. The following year he was charged with getting $2,500 to educate American soldiers in speaking French.

In 1919 he was sentenced to five years in Sing Sing for attacking a 15-year-old girl who went to his office in answer to an advertisement for a stenographer. He was released in 1923, but was rearrested on a charge of grand larceny. It was alleged that he had sold "memberships" in the Gridiron Club, the organization of Washington newspaper correspondents. When arraigned on this charge, he admitted it, but promised to reform, whereupon Judge Rosalsky suspended sentence. So far as known, he went straight thereafter.

He attributed his criminal career to a dual personality, saying that he could have made more money by going straight, but that he had "played the game" for its excitement. He said that he had made two snug fortunes but had lost them both. He said he had once been worth $250,000 and had made $90,000 on a single crooked deal in London.

In his heyday, he was often seen in the cafés and restaurants about Broadway and Forty-second Street. He was tall, handsome and always neatly dressed and had an ingratiating manner, which accounted for the ease with which his victims succumbed to his wiles.

Straw Caps for Police



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A Subtle Revenge

The Story of a Determined Man Who Took His Own Way of "Getting Even" and Won Out Through a Trick

By Eugene B. Lewis

THE man entered the great magnate's private office so quietly that the latter, absorbed in a dream to be later transmuted into millions, was unaware of his presence.

"I beg your pardon, Hargis," the man said, in an even, unapologetic voice.

The great magnate turned swiftly.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "How the devil did you get in here?"

The man stood perfectly poised.

"I am Angus Cartwright," he answered, "and I entered in the customary way."

"It is not customary for anyone to come into this office unannounced," Hargis barked hotly.

"Why not?" Cartwright asked quietly.

"Why not?" exploded Hargis. "Why not? Simply to keep damn fools, such as you seem to be, from taking up my time."

Cartwright ignored the insult.

"I understand," he said. "You only admit those whom you wish to see."

"Your understanding is perfectly sound on that point. See if you can find your way out as cleverly as you found your way in."

The man did not move.

"And to hide from those who wish to see you? I dare say there are many such."

"Why—why—" Hargis gulped, then forcing himself into calmness: "I have tried," he said, "to overlook your impudence in stealing your way in here. Now, I don't know you. I don't care to know your business; you have imposed yourself on me long enough. If you don't leave this office at once I shall have you forcibly put out."

Hargis turned in his chair with a motion quite decisive.

"Are you sure you don't know me?" The man asked quietly.

Hargis was exasperated.

"Damn it, man! Have I got to call in a porter to get rid of you? I have told you I don't know you. I don't know you— I don't want to know you. Is that sufficient?"

"No," the man answered calmly.

Hargis reached out his hand toward the push button under his desk.

"Don't press that button!" The man spoke slowly and firmly.

"Are you threatening me?" Hargis sneered.

"It would not be well for you to press that button."

Hargis glared at the man. Although he was shaking with wrath he could not help but notice the look of invincible purpose in the man's face. The force of an indomitable will shown out of his eyes. He was exasperatingly cool.

"Sit down, Hargis," ordered the man, "for you and I are going to have a long talk."

"I don't know that I am going to be bullied in my own office," angrily shouted Hargis as he reached again for the button.

Cartwright sprang forward and seized the magnate's wrist and the latter was drawn around so close their faces almost touched. Hargis could see the deadly purpose in the other man's eyes.

"You and I are going to have a long talk, Hargis."

"Well, say your say," growled Hargis. The latter released Hargis's wrist and he sank into his chair. The stranger remained standing.

"It is not my natural taste to be rude," said Cartwright, "but it is yours. You forced me to adopt your way. I think if you had the feel of a man's grip on your wrist like that quite often, it would do

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you some good." He calmly surveyed Hargis.

No man had dared to talk to Hargis that way before. He raged inwardly but gathered some comfort from the thought of how he would make Cartwright dance later on.

"If you don't know who I am," said Cartwright, "you have a poorer memory for names than I thought. Now let me aid your memory. You will recall perhaps that you have a railroad in the state of Missouri. You will also, doubtless, remember that you have a lawyer in that state, a bright little fellow, who fixes things up with the legislatures, and courts, etc. Just the kind of a man you like."

Hargis moved nervously in his chair.

"I would esteem it a great favor," he said, striving for sarcasm, "if you would state your business at once. My time is really very valuable."

"And so is mine," said the man. "One of the chief troubles with you successful industrial buccaneers is that you seem to regard only your own time as having any value; that naturally carries you into the grosser error of thinking that time and space—and all things in between were created especially for you."

"If you will spare those cheap homilies for your anarchistic friends I would be greatly obliged," said Hargis. "You bore me very much."

"And I presume I shall bore you much more before I am through," was the quick rejoinder.

"Now to return to this little man Friday of yours in Missouri—Ferrett, his name is, I believe, Richard Ferrett—singularly appropriate name, Hargis, don't you think?"

"Really sir," said Hargis, with mock apology, "I was thinking of something else. I crave your pardon for my inattention. But I am afraid you will have to repeat that question."

The man's eyes blazed with a sudden fire.

"So—you were not following me, eh? Well, I will try to put more point in my remarks. I, too, am beginning to feel the pressure of time. A few years ago your man Ferrett had a bill passed in the Missouri legislature called the Fellow Servant's Liability Act. You look pained, Hargis. Were you thinking of how much it cost you to get that bill through? The bill, as you will remember, was a cheerful little affair calculated to relieve your road of all responsibility for limbs broken or lives lost on your road, and to place that responsibility on the heads of your employees.

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"All this would sound better on the East Side," sneered Hargis. "Moreover, I am not interested in the laws of Missouri."

"Come, Hargis," exclaimed the man, "don't quibble with me. I know your game and I know the men of your stamp. I am very familiar with that habit of

(*Continued on page 72*)

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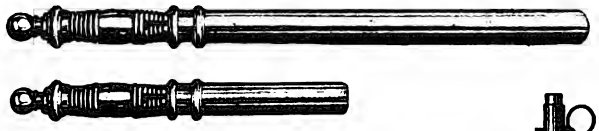

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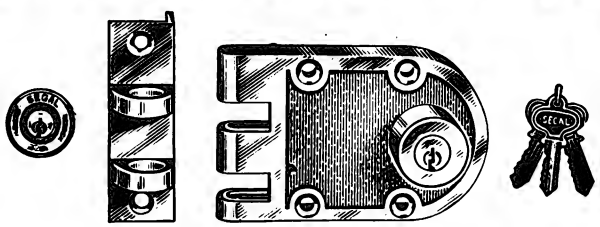

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A Subtle Revenge

(*Continued from page* 70)

loftily waving aside every criticism of you or your methods and of the haughty way you throw off all responsibility when those methods bring some poor devil to grief."

Hargis simulated an elaborate yawn.

"Perhaps it will relieve your ennui to be a little more personal in my remarks. You will remember that Ferrett was put to considerable trouble by a young lawyer from Kansas City, who took upon himself to take that damnable law before the higher courts. Yes, that Kansas City fellow was very annoying, so much so in fact that it became necessary for you to silence him by getting him disbarred."

Hargis shot a quick glance at the man.

"Oh," he said, "you are that fellow, are you?"

Hargis did not even try to hide the relief he felt. It had been necessary for him to throw so many men down in his career that he had forgotten the name of that "obstreperous young lawyer from Kansas City." Now that he knew who his visitor was his attitude was changed in a flash.

He had taken his vistor to be some wild-eyed fanatic, an anarchist, perhaps, who would stop at nothing. But since it was only that disbarred lawyer from Kansas City—why—ha ha— it was a joke. He was a well-meaning chap, perhaps, but too annoying, too annoying, and here, he had been letting the young man make a monkey of him. It was really amusing, but hadn't he wasted too much time? He had.

"Well, Mr. Cartwright," he said suavely, "I am very glad to have met you. There was no personal animus, you know, you simply got in our way and we had to remove you. But, as I said, I have nothing against you personally."

The man had been listening with an amused smile on his face.

"I suppose that is the way you satisfy your conscience and your victims?"

"Now, Cartwright," said Hargis with a hint of sternness, "we have had enough preaching for one day. I desire to get to my work."

"I am not through yet," said the man quietly.

"Well, I am," thundered Hargis. "Damn it, man, you try my patience too far."

"You don't think I came here simply to let you know who I am and then walk out, do you?"

"I don't know why you came, and I don't care. Ferrett said you were of the whining sort."

"Ferrett is a liar!"

"Look here, Cartwright, I have already wasted altogether too much time on you. Now I ask you to go."

"I have no idea of going."

"We will see about that," and Hargis reached for the bell.

"You touch that bell," hissed the man, "and I will break your arm off at the wrist."

The two men glared at each other. Hargis wondered if it were possible that this was the earnest but harmless enthusiast that he disposed of so easily in Missouri. He knew that if he rang the bell the man would break his arm. He didn't ring it.

"It would seem that you have developed into a bully, Cartwright," muttered Hargis as he resumed his seat.

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"One doesn't acquire gentleness dealing with you," the man replied.

"Tell me what you want," Hargis demanded.

The man drew a sheet of paper from his pocket.

"I want you to sign this."

"What is it?"

"It is a request to Ferrett to see that I am reinstated at the bar."

"You must be crazy, man. Ferrett has no authority to reinstate you."

"But you own those who have, and Ferrett is the one to go to them."

"Cartwright, your request is absurd. If the courts of Missouri saw fit to disbar you that is no affair of mine."

"Then make it your affair."

"It is out of the question. Why should I be interested in the matter? The courts would simply tell me to mind my own business."

"You know better."

"Do you think I am responsible for your being disbarred?"

"Absolutely."

"Then why should I go to work and have you reinstated now?"

"You should do it out of common decency, but you never had that kind of emotion in your life. You *will* do it because I will make you."

"Your threats are rather ill-advised, Cartwright."

"Not so much as you are if you think they are idle."

Hargis thought for some time, the man regarding him closely. Presently Hargis bent forward in his chair, a faint smile playing on his face.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll sign that er—a—letter if you will give me your solemn promise that you will not resume your activity against my railroad or any of my interests in Missouri, or elsewhere."

"I will make no such promise."

"Then to hell with you and your letter!"

Cartwright, with one quick motion drew a revolver and levelled it at the magnate's head.

"I dislike being so pressing with my demands," he apologized, "but you seem to be so stubborn in this matter that I find no other way."

Hargis had instinctively recoiled when he saw the weapon. But he quickly recovered himself. "I can deal with this fellow later," he thought.

"Very well," said Hargis, "if you feel satisfied in seeking your reinstatement in this way I have nothing to do but sign the letter. But acts, such as this, have their consequences, Cartwright."

"Any subsequent trouble it brings to me," the other answered, "will recoil on your own head a hundredfold."

He then handed Hargis the letter, and returned the revolver to his outside pocket. Hargis read the paper, a simple statement that it was his wish to have Cartwright reinstated with the Missouri bar, and signed it.

"Thank you," said Cartwright, as he reached out and took the paper. "Now, I think I will bring my pleasant little call to a close."

He picked up his hat and stepped to the door.

"Try not to feel too badly," he said, "over restoring to a man a career of which you robbed him."

Then with a bow he opened the door and passed into the hallway, on either side of which were the offices of the great magnate's clerks and subordinates.

As soon as Cartwright had closed the door after

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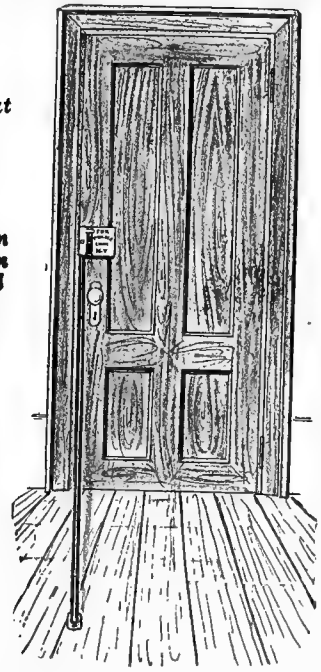

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him, Hargis sprang to his desk and reached for the press-button. Then he hesitated and finally withdrew, his hand. He could afford to wait. Let Cartwright get back to Missouri, then he would show him how long his arm was. Why create a fuss here in New York, and have the bother of going to court and getting pages of unpleasant publicity, when he could work out an ample revenge in Missouri?

That night Hargis sent the following message in cipher to Ferrett; "Angus Cartwright has extorted from me an order to have him reinstated with the Missouri bar. When he calls on you let me know. Do nothing until you hear from me."

When Cartwright stepped out of the elevator he walked rapidly down Broadway to Wall street and crossed into Trinity churchyard. A few out-of-towners were wandering around reading the inscriptions on the graves. Cartwright paid no attention to them or the graves but walked to the rear of the church and sat down on the grass. Taking a tiny vial from his pocket he drew out the paper. Uncorking the bottle he began to drop the liquid over it very carefully. Gradually the paper began to curl up revealing another paper to which it had been glued. In a few minutes the upper paper was completely detached, destroyed, leaving a check made out to Angus Cartwright for the trifling sum of fifty thousand dollars, with Hargis's signature boldly affixed.

Cartwright scrutinized the check carefully and being satisfied that it bore no sign of a suspicious nature he got up and leisurely left the churchyard. He crossed Broadway and proceeded down Wall street until he came to the bank on which the check was drawn, Hargis's bank.

With no hesitation whatever he stepped into the bank and walked directly to the window of the paying-teller. He thrust the check through the little wire wicket with the manner of a drygoods clerk tipping a waiter. The teller noted the large sum called for by the check and stole a quick penetrating glance at Cartwright. He had no doubt in the world but that the signature was Hargis's. It was generally agreed among bank-clerks that it was one signature which could not be forged. Cartwright seemed to be unaware of the searching look of the teller.

"Did you want to draw the entire amount today, Mr. Cartwright?" the clerk asked politely.

"Yes," answered the latter.

"Very well," and the teller hurried back to the cashier with the check.

"Well, what is it?" growled that irascible individual.

"I want you to look at this check," faltered the teller.

"What's the matter with it?" barked the cashier, as he reached for the check. He looked at it carefully for a moment and handed it back.

"Don't you know Hargis's signature when you see it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, has Hargis got a sufficient balance in the bank to cover it?"

The teller smiled at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"Been identified, of course?"

"Of course, he has an account here, small, but—"

(*Continued on page* 76)

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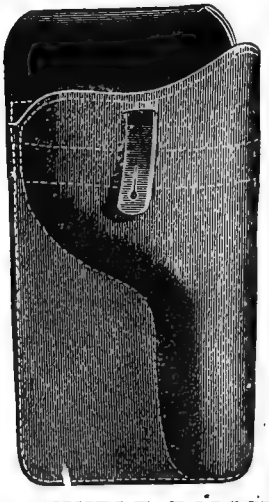

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(*Continued from page* 74)

"But what?"

"Well, I don't know this man Cartwright," the teller explained.

"I guess there are a lot of men you don't know, personally," bullied the cashier. "Is he to be denied his money just because you don't know him, personally?"

"I thought," said the teller, apologetically, "that it was possible he had come by the check in some untoward way and it might be well to look into it a little."

"Well, anyone who can come by one of that old bird's checks in an untoward way is entitled to it," and the cashier turned in his chair and began to examine a row of figures that lay on his desk.

The teller took the hint. Returning to the window he apologized to Cartwright for keeping him waiting so long.

Cartwright grunted. The strain of waiting had reached his nerves.

"In what denominations will you have the money, Mr. Cartwright?" the teller asked in a deferential voice.

"Thousands," said Cartwright, promptly.

"Very well, sir," and the teller deftly counted out fifty newly-minted bills and passed them through the window.

Without a tremor of the hand Cartwright picked up the notes as if they were gas bills and began stuffing them in his pockets. When the last of them was tucked away he turned and bowed to the clerk and walked out of the bank.

The next morning Hargis found the following telegram lying on his desk:

"Must be some mistake, Cartwright here in St. Louis running insurance agency. Ferrett."

Interference

(*Continued from page* 39)

spoofing you," said Tommy. "He's a low down sneak, or he wouldn't be wasting time with a few pieces of silverware."

"Dat's it, lady!" exclaimed the crook eagerly. "I aint a reg'lar burglar. I'm on'y jist breakin' inter de game on account of me hard luck."

"That's rot! He's an old-timer, Dru," interrupted Tommy. "Don't let him pull the wool over your eyes with that soft stuff. We'll just leave him here on the roof and telephone the police station to send up and take him away for a nice long rest."

"Gee, lady! don't let him leave me on dis wet roof. I'll git me death o' cold," moaned the vanquished one.

"Don't worry about that, old man," reassured Tommy. "We'll tuck you up nice and comfy in this clean, fresh linen, and you can bark at the moon. How's that?" he asked, as he bolstered up the man in the "wash" they had taken down from the clothes-line.

"But how in the deuce are we going to get out of this ourselves asked Tommy, finding the roof door locked on the inside. "My key doesn't fit it. Hello, maybe yours will do the trick." Tommy picked up the key the crook had taken from Dru's pocket, and which had fallen to the roof when he landed his kick-de-grace.

"Gee, that's funny! This key fits perfectly."

"Aw, you big boob!" exclaimed the crook. Dat's de reg'lar key to de door; de dame wuz holdin' youse up."

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"Shut up, you fool!" angrily cried Tommy.

"Oh, awright! Go on dreamin,' kid, but don't blame me. I wuz dat way onc't; a red-headed frail wuz de cause of it all, an' I loined about wimmen from 'er. Oh, I knows about skoits, I does."

"Oh, Tommy; it's true—it's true!" cried Dru, hiding her burning cheeks in her hands. "I did lock the door. I was so—so lonely, and—and—"

"I told yer so!" grinned the crook triumphantly. "Dey're all alike. Talk about burglars. If wimmen don't steal inter yer insides and grab off all yer brains, I'm a jelly-fish."

"Dru!" cried Tommy. "My darling!" Taking the girl in his arms he kissed her rapturously.

"Kiss Me Again—Kiss Me Again," cut in the radio, with an old familiar song from Victor Herbert's "M'lle. Modiste."

"Aw, go on, kiss her again," said the crook, disgustedly. "What'n'ell do I care!"

Tommy was all kisses and no ears.

"Say, fer heaven's sake, cut de mush, will yer! Gimme some jazz if I've gotta stay here and listen to dat t'ing."

"All right," Tommy replied, coming back to earth. "Anything to please you." He turned the knob of the radio and caught:

"Station K-O-P, Detroit."

"Fer de love of Mike, don't gimme dat!" implored the crook. "Take de damn machine down wid ye." Then noticing Tommy putting the silverware into the sack, he whined, "Oh, me ducats; me lovely ducats!"

"All the comforts of home, philosopher," said Tommy, tucking the linen snugly about the man. "Radio and everything."

"Gimme a smoke, will yer, pard?" begged the crook.

"Service too," said Tommy, lighting a cigarette and sticking it between the lips of the prostrate one. "Pleasant dreams," he concluded as he picked up Dru's "intimies" and the sack of silverware. Placing an arm around the girl, he drew her tenderly through the doorway and softly closed the door behind them.

The radio buzzed off a few yards of Morse code, as the abandoned man puffed his cigarette, and then the announcer spoke:

"Col. Erasmus Peabody, President of the Welfare League of Atlanta, Georgia, will now speak on the subject of reformed criminals."

"My Gawd" cried the crook, with a moan of despair, as he spat out his cigarette and, rolling over, buried his head deep in the linen.

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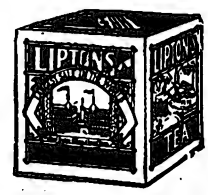

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Some Observations of a New York Traffic Cop as Told to

Donald Whilhelm

SURE, the time's coming when all the girls will be having to wear license plates. Everybody'll be having to wear 'em in New York and the other big cities. The men will be wearing them on the back of their pants, perhaps, or on their hats. I don't know where the girls will wear 'em. What do *you* think?

You see, if this traffic congestion keeps up, there'll have to be traffic rules for pedestrians in order to keep down the high cost of jay-walking. We'll have to examine the brakes and the steering-gear and go in for sanity and what they call psychologic tests for jay-walkers. And as soon as we get around to that we'll be having a pedestrian law as well as a vehicle law, and everybody will have to display number plates so that the traffic cops can hand out the tickets—summons, you know—to people who won't behave.

Those will be the days of real sport for the traffic-cop, won't they?

But that's what we'll be coming to if motorists and pedestrians don't watch out. On the average, here, one car out of every ten kills or injures some one every year. It's been figured out that down in Pennsylvania twenty years ago a man had one chance in nearly half a million of getting hit by an automobile, and now he has only one chance in about seven thousand. It's probably a lot worse than that in New York. But the trouble is that if you bawl out a Westerner for taking a long chance here in the big town, he's willing to learn, anyway, at first. You say, "Look here, buddy, don't you know there's a thousand people killed in traffic here every year, and a thousand hurt to every ten thousand autos?" He'll say, "Thanks!" and be careful. But if you say the same thing to a New Yorker he'll sneak around you the minute you quit watching. I picked up a big woman out of the mud one day and carried all I could of her over to the curb and she said, "It was all your fault. Don't you put them hands on me again!"

The worst jay-walkers ain't the country hicks.

New Yorkers are the worst offenders. They are always hell-bent in getting somewheres in a hurry. A lot of 'em act as if they were walking in their sleep. You get to know 'em on this job. Being right here in the theatrical district, you get so you can tell women who are late for the matinee. They're the same way, sometimes, if they're shopping. They're like the men when the world series is on. I've seen 'em walk through traffic reading a newspaper. Some of the worst jay-walkers are young fellows with girls hanging on to them. And there're a lot of others who act as if they were thinking up a speech. But stick around a minute, watching to see that some hard-boiled taxi-driver don't mash your toes, and you'll find some of 'em trying to go in three or four directions all at once.

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Look at that bird trying to dive through six lines of cars, three on each side! Well, he made it, this time. More power to him! . . . Now watch 'em come on when the whistle blows. . . . Look at that little man with the horn-rimmed glasses trying to get past the big woman with the bundles. Can't make it, can he? He's trying again. Both of 'em are getting mad. Moving both ways at once. Like a couple of fighting cocks. It's what you call the Forty-second Street shimmy when they glare at each other like that and each one's trying to get past the other. And the one that gets past wins. Ha, the little man wins this time!

I suppose if you'd count the pedestrians passing this corner during the year they'd come to more than a billion. That's a lot of people. That's a lot of anything. And you've got to add millions of cars. There must be that many.

Every year there's nearly a billion people and over a hundred million vehicles passing over the four East River bridges. That's why a traffic cop gets laid out nearly every month at the New York end of the Manhattan Bridge; it's been that way for nearly a year and there was one cop killed not so long ago. You've got to fight congestion on this job all the time—got to keep 'em moving. And you got to remember that sometimes they can't stop quick enough. That's why there's a special brake squad on duty now. If your service—or emergency—brake won't stop, you get a warning; if either one will hold within a reasonable distance, you go to court.

Here in the theatre district a first fire-alarm brings out three or four engines, two or three truck companies, a couple of water towers and two or three chiefs or battalion chiefs. Well, each one's got the right of way. That means everything's got to come up short. If a driver's in a trance, maybe thinking of his sweetie, he's apt to crash into something. Over on Seventh Avenue last week a bird in a big new car bowled over a cop and then a taxi fellow behind the big car bowled into him, because his brakes were on the bum, and the taxi passenger was shot through the glass.

If it's a two-alarm fire, twice as much apparatus comes along, and twice as many people crowd out to see the show. Well, on the average there're about fifteen or twenty emergency runs like that, if you count in the ambulance calls, and there've been times when the number has got up to a hundred in a day.

Maybe, now, you can see why a cop sometimes gets grumpy. There's been some on duty under the elevated, Ivy, with the autos and trucks running two and three deep each way, that have had to knock off and go back on patrol duty. And say, son, if a cop ever gives you a ticket, after we're all wearing license numbers somewhere on us, along about six o'clock in the evening, you can say to yourself that maybe it's been a tough day for him. You go on duty at 8:30 and you're at your station till half-past six, with an hour out for lunch. Sometimes it's a long haul and a fellow loses his grin when he's tired and is getting good and hungry. But I'll say this for us, that we're picked off patrol duty right after finishing the police school for being big, and good-natured and the pinch comes when you got to stand in your own shoes.

Even the jay-walkers ought to remember, and I guess the worst ones do, that there ain't very many of us at that. This town's got thirty-five hundred miles of streets, as far as from New York to 'Frisco and more.

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There's only around 10,000 men, including officers and everybody else, on the whole force available as a rule and less than 1,300 on traffic work divided into two shifts. London's not much bigger and its police force counts up to 24,000. I don't know how many are on traffic work, but I guess, at that, London hasn't anything like half a million cars, with the number growing all the time.

They tried out arresting jay-walkers over in Newark, N. J., for a while, but they tell me the city ordinance is now a dead letter and people have just as much fun getting hurt as anywhere else. Maybe the law didn't work because they couldn't make the girls and everybody wear numbers. This will be the life when everybody's wearing a tag. Then every traffic cop will have a private secretary at his elbow taking down the numbers while the man in blue hands out the tickets to the prospective suicides. Popular, we'll be—what? I gave a summons to a big woman driving a huge car one day up in Columbus Circle. She said, "Officer, ain't you ashamed—a great big man like you handing me a little ticket like that!"

Well, what I was trying to get over to you is that we haven't any control over the pedestrian. We can't arrest a pedestrian, or give him a summons, for risking his neck. That's his problem, except when it comes to a show-down and we can take him up for disorderly conduct. The law puts most of the responsibility on the operator of a vehicle. The Captain says it's just the other way around in Paris. He says the old Napoleonic laws still hold so that if a taxi chases you down the block and hits you a wallop, the joke's on you. When we get around to that stage over here there won't be so many people starting too late to make the 5:15 or trying to get anywhere else at the same time that they leave the place they start from. I figure we'll have to do it the Paris way some time if the number of cars goes on increasing. There's around a half million motor vehicles in the city now, and around 50,000 more coming in from outside every day. There are 60,000 more cars registered here than there were a year ago—about 350 miles of cars if they were parked end to end.

Now, considering that fifteen years ago there were hardly any cars and that in addition to a thousand deaths here every year there are a thousand people hurt to every 10,000 registered vehicles, you can see where the jay-walker will come in about ten or fifteen years from now.

Well, the taxis ain't so bad, even if half of the 15,000 taxi-drivers get summons every year. They're on the job all the time. They're the best drivers on earth. But even if they are good drivers they don't always drive so good. But they've got short cars. That helps.

And it's not the new drivers that makes the trouble so much either. Being new, they're cautious, even if they're dumb, maybe.

Women like to stay right in the middle of the road when they're driving—that's one trouble with them. But if you think women can't drive you ought to see my wife pull out of a skid the only way I know—by stepping on the gas. We've got a little home up in the Bronx, and when I get a Sunday off, twice a month, sometimes we take the kids out into the country, and I'd rather have her drive than drive myself, even if she knows so little about a car that one time she put

(*Continued on page* 82)

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(*Continued from page* 80)

water into the radiator to keep the alcohol from freezing.

Well, when you come right down to it, there's three kinds of drivers. There's the fellow whose car drives him. He forgets that a little gas goes a long way if you don't watch out. I saw a fellow like that try to drive under a low bridge with his top up, while he was lighting a cigarette.

Then there's the fellow who over-drives his car. Sounds funny, don't it? But that's how it is with some of 'em. They're always trying to make a car do what it can't—such as trying to beat out another car at a crossing, or trying to beat out a train, or hitting it up so fast the thing can't stay on the road.

The best driver don't drive his car that way, and it don't drive him. He's a kind of nervous system for it. He's part of it—the brain part. He knows his car, the way these taxi-drivers do, and he knows what it'll do and what it won't. He knows when it'll skid and when it won't and he can tell by its pulse if its performing all right.

But of course any of these drivers is apt to be under the influence. Yep, under the influence! A car is a mighty dangerous thing when it's under the influence! That's why the judge usually soaks a driver hard when he's been getting himself and his car lit up. He usually loses his license, and maybe goes to jail. When the driver's drunk, the car gets drunk with him. It gets wobbly and worse. I guess the funniest thing I ever saw, if it hadn't been so serious, was a fellow three sheets in the wind who tried to drive through the revolving doors of a hotel one night. He couldn't make it. He got messed up, and the worst part of it was that when the ambulance started off to a hospital with him it ran plumb into a hearse coming back from a night call.

There was an accident one Sunday on the North Shore of Long Island that the Captain said told the whole story. There was a couple going down the road spooning, the fellow driving with his left hand while his right hand was around his sweetie's neck. Another car came along without using the horn, the best safety there is, and I guess the driver was pushing his car instead of understanding that he couldn't shoot down a hill and over the couple ahead, so he hit 'em hard and brought 'em to. There wasn't anybody hurt and while the fighting was still going on a woman who had been learning to drive a flivver came over

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the top of the hill. When she saw that wreck ahead of her she got under its influence, I guess. Anyway, she couldn't stop the doggone thing. She yelled to everybody to get out of the way as she came down the hill. But, being as they couldn't get their cars out of the way, they beat it and she slammed right into the wreck and broke her nose. Maybe she sued the other drivers for obstructing traffic—I don't remember about that.

But I do know that a third of all the payments made on accident insurance in the United States are paid for automobile accidents, though nothing like a third of the total is automobile business. That's one reason why Herbert Hoover says that traffic costs almost as much in money and lives as the World War did, so far as we are concerned. Think what'll be in New York fifteen years from now! Then, if traffic has doubled, our troubles won't be doubled only; they'll be multiplied by five or ten.

We're fighting congestion all the time; trying to keep 'em moving and trying to keep jay-walkers from busting through or under. Maybe it's raining, like it is today, and a lot of drivers, because of old curtains, can't see much more, right or left, than the one-eyed man who killed a boy that ran toward his car on the side where he couldn't see. Maybe it's been sleeting and the drivers of horse-drawn trucks have their day, staying in the middle of the road. Well, as sure as anything there'll be a lot of drivers who take the chance without any chains and maybe a cop gets sideswiped in the bargain.

There're mighty few drivers who ever stop to think that the place where a tire that's inflated hard rests on the ground is scarcely bigger than the sole of your foot. That's why the only way to get out of a skid is to step on the gas, if you've got room in which to do it.

Another thing mighty few drivers do enough is to watch the other fellow's front wheels. That's the best way to tell what he's up to, because you can't always tell by a driver's hand signals. Anybody could tell there're all kinds of nationalities in New York by the way people use their hands.

And people don't use their horns enough; some don't use 'em at all.

Of course it's only the lunatic who ever drives faster than fifteen miles an hour with only one hand. I tried it once and landed in a swamp before I could bat an eye.

Well, it's as plain as the side of a barn that if traffic goes on multiplying as it has, unless jay-walkers do a lot better and quit raising kids that are ready to dash

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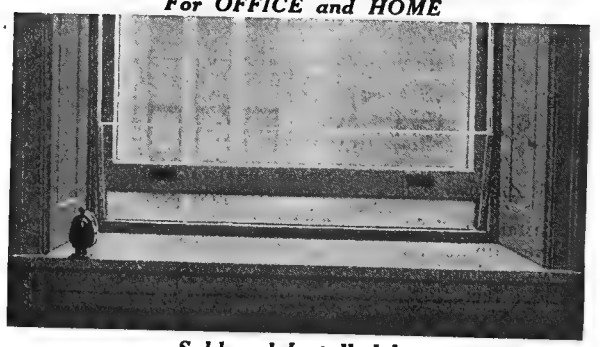

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into anything when running after a rubber ball, we be in a dickens of a jam. That's why I say we'll ha to tack license plates on pedestrians, and make 'e wear 'em conspicuous. Then the war will be on, a the next thing will be a law making every automobili stop, look and listen at every corner, honk his horn ni times, send up three signal rockets, then go forward foot and give the countersign before he comes on.

I'd recommend platinum number plates for brunette I suppose the blondes will be wearing brass. What your idea?

The Beheaded Woman

A Tragic Leaf from the Note-Book of a Philadelphia Detective

By Stanley Rushton

STRANGE things happen down in the Eighth Poli District, Philadelphia, Pa., where the backwa of the world eddies and flows.

A man who has left his name in some oth place is found with a knife in his back and his pocke inside out. A diamond thief is cornered in some ricke tenement for his last fight. An old woman is robb of her scanty savings; a dope peddler "knocked o for a thimbleful of white powder.

But it's all in the day's work for the policeman. A a page from the life of the average officer reads li the weirdest kind of fiction.

"Mysteries?" says Detective Benjamin J. Casper, w has seen strange things in his eighteen years of poli service. "Mysteries? Well, a man from the force co write a book of his experience that would make t hair of the average citizen stand on end. Thin happen sometimes that are never explained—and ne will be. And again, an explanation will work after years of silence.

"The strangest case I ever worked on, and one wh has never been explained, was the South Reese St murder. It occured in 1911, about 7 o'clock in evening in the late Fall.

"A call came into the office that a woman was dr out in front of a South Reese Street house, and Geo Ryan and I went to see about it. Sure enough well-dressed woman, about 38 or 40, with just a threads of gray in her dark hair, was lying in gutter giving every appearance of being uncons and intoxicated.

"I attempted to lift her. I'll never forget what pened then! Her head tumbled clean off her shoul It had been severed by a cleaver or large butcher's k severed completely and so neatly that there had no sign of dishevelment. And there lay a decapit woman at 7 o'clock in the evening in plain sight, persons passing by every minute on their way from work.

"A family was sitting eating dinner at a n window and had not noticed anything unusual we arrived. Apparently persons had been around second, and still here was a decapitated body i middle of the street. Who did it? It never learned.

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The woman finally was identified as having come from Gloucester, Mass. She had a husband there, but had run away from him a year before with another man. It was supposed, of course, this man had something to do with the murder. He, however, surrendered and proved a sound alibi, as did two other suspects.

"Gradually interest died and the search relaxed. Fourteen years ago that was, and the person guilty of the Reese Street murder still is going around with his secret locked up in his breast, or he has died without disclosing it. 'Tisn't likely now that the truth will ever come out—but sometime, it may.

"How anybody could have committed the crime seems beyond all reasoning. The woman's condition proved that she could not have been first murdered and then thrown from a vehicle. Her hat was not even disarranged and she hadn't been dead long when we found her.

"It must have been a satanic genius who could have severed her head with one blow and not attract the attention of a family not three rods away. All in all, it was the most baffling case I ever worked on."

A Police Chief in China

IN the years 1906 and 1907 I had an opportunity to test my methods of selecting and training Chinese policemen on a greater scale while I was reorganizing the police force of Hankow City. My appointment was due to the special request of the late Viceroy Chang Chi Tung, the famous Governor General of the Hukuang provinces in China, to whom I was personally known from my previous professorship at the military college in his capital, Wuchang, in 1897 and 1899.

My task was to build up a modern police force from the rotten old police body, existing only for show, "yu ming wu shy," as the Chinese say, and it was not an easy one. My work certainly would have ended in complete failure, or at least without any substantial success, if I hadn't had the support of the Viceroy himself who was deeply interested in the matter. He gave me full power in all important questions and therewith a "face," as the Chinese call it, in the eyes of the local mandarins with whom I had to co-operate in my work.

For my assistant in this reorganization work I had brought with me my Chinese secretary. Not until I had a peremptory order of the Viceroy did I finally get in my full authority.

In beginning my duties on the first day at my headquarters, which were situated in a big temple in the midst of the city, I was besieged by great numbers of young men eager to enter the new police force. I began at once sifting at first all bodily inferior or mean-looking men in a rather summary manner and then proceeded to select the physically and mentally fit.

The people of Central China and still more of South China are not as able-bodied and are much smaller in size than their brothers in the North where I had in my police force many big lads, physically superb and tall, who would stand favorable comparison with the New York policeman, perhaps the finest masculine types in the world. On the other hand the inhabitants of the provinces Hupei and Hunan had a much better schooling than the average man of Shantung, which is the native province of the great Confucius.

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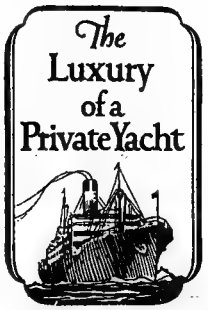

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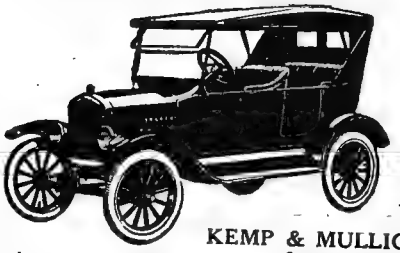

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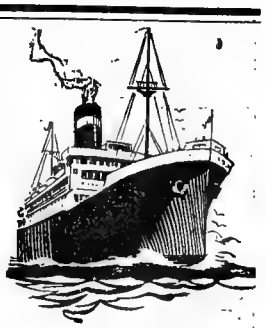

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Women and Children First

SCENE—The Missing Persons Bureau.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE—The Lieutenant and the Father.

THE Lieutenant—"What can we do for you?"
The Father—"You sent for me—I am Dr. Baker of Jamaica."

"Oh, yes—Frank Baker's father. We have just obtained word about your son. We've traced him to a rooming house—at least we're fairly sure its your boy. He's been looking for work ever since he ran away from you."

"I hope he hasn't found any."

"You might not if you knew the company he had fallen into as a result. Any kind of work would have been better than running with the Wishbone Gang."

"He couldn't be interested in such a crowd—he's a high-school boy."

"Well, he was interested when they gave him food when he was starving. They tolled him along so they could use him and his good clothes in some of their stealing."

"Stealing—he hasn't been?——"

"Well, pretty near. A couple of patrolmen chased the whole crowd to cover and your lad ran into this rooming house instead of getting into the cellars like the rest. That's the way we located him. Now he's sitting in there afraid to go out in daylight for fear the cops'll get him. Of course, he doesn't know we've recognized him or that we haven't anything on him."

"Excuse me, I'll just run and telephone his mother that he's safe and sound."

"We'll, just don't give her the idea he's happy. He's starving—nothing to eat since yesterday morning. It's dinner time at home now isn't it?"

"Yes, but why——?"

"Why if that lad could get out now—or dared to go out—I bet you he'd be home for the fatted calf this minute."

"Not for the fatted calf—not after the pain he's given his mother and me. We're just going to treat him as usual—we made up our minds to that—but I must 'phone."

(*Intermission for 'Phoning.*)

"His mother, too, says she hopes he gets good and hungry. Still, I—I would like to go to him now."

"Can't take you there for a bit. It's a tough neighborhood and one of our men will have to go with you to deal with the landlord."

"How soon, then?"

"Can't say, at this minute—there's a new case just come in and the three men we have here must go out on it."

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"Why, my boy's case is a week old—and this is a new case. Why can't you send a man with me first?"

"I didn't explain—this is a case of three girls missing."

"Well?"

"Don't you see—they're girls?"

"No, I don't see why—"

"You haven't any. daughters, have you?"

"No, but what's that got to do with it?"

"Heaps. If you had daughters you'd realize there's all the difference in the world between missing boys and missing girls. Your boy won't take any harm from waiting a bit—while the girls—that's different. Any hour we may be too late to prevent their whole lives being ruined."

"Are they in danger—really?"

"Not if our men have luck. We've just got word that they've signed with a fake vaudeville agent and that he's on the way to a railroad station with them now. You know the rest. Trouble is, we don't know for sure which station, but we're sending our own men to the Erie and Lackawanna and telephoning to have the others covered."

"Lieutenant, I—I thought you were pretty hard. But I take back even my thoughts. Let my boy sweat. Likely it will do him good. I've lived here all my life—and I never knew policemen were like that."

"Oh, we're hard and soft, just like you." (Giving instructions by 'phone in answer to an inquiry): "Sure, put a policewoman at each gate—and get the Traveler's Aid to watch, too. I'm sending men to 125th street station."

(*Father seats himself in interested waiting—fifteen minutes pass—then again the phoning.*)

"Missing Persons Bureau, Lieutenant ———— speaking. That so? Fine work! Put that faking theatre agent in the precinct station. Let the Society take care of the girls.

"Oh, say, I want you to meet Dr. Baker—that Frank Baker case. Meet him at Seventh avenue and Fourteenth —and take him up to the Hell's Kitchen house—you've got the address. Understand?"

"Lieutenant, lieutenant—I thank God you made my boy wait. If I had only known I would have come here the first day he was missing—instead of waiting four days. Lieutenant, all I can do is to thank you—but I think you have something better than that—you feel, way down deep, that you have done good today—yes?"

(The Lieutenant gruffly, for the first time) "Maybe! Good luck, doctor."

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A Crook's Income Tax

What One "Professional" Burglar Reported to Uncle Sam as His "Net Earnings"

THE income tax reports for 1924 are now all in and one of the surprises among them is that reported from St. Paul as having been made by a professional burglar.

It is probably the only one in existence that bears on the "occupation" line the word "burglary." The "honest" thief who makes this unheard-of report is a character that Dickens would have delighted in. He is so law-abiding that he does even more than the statute calls for and reports an income that is less than the minimum of $1,000 set by Congress.

He is also a trusting individual, and therefore again an anomaly. He places implicit confidence in the secrecy of the Internal Revenue Department and readily confides to it facts which, if they reached the police, would send him to the penitentiary for another term.

There is a naïve confession in this burglar's income tax report that the conditions in the Northwest are not favorable to the gentry of the pistol and the blackjack. He reports an income from his law-breaking of less than $1,000, but accounts for his meagre returns by the fact that of the twelve months of 1924 he spent eight in prison.

Along with the income tax report this confiding soul submits a brief character sketch defending himself and his occupation. One of his statements is "that he never hurt anyone in his burglaries" and "never robbed a poor guy." He seems to fancy that he can rob the rich without hurting the poor, but as a matter of fact since the costs of burglary, through the medium of burglary insurance, are averaged in the living costs of most of us, such a thief usually hurts the very ones whom he would befriend. This is not the day of Robin Hood.

Eastern folk who have read of this hair-splitting rascal from the prisons are frankly puzzled whether to classify him as a practical joker having a little fun with the Internal Revenue Collector at St. Paul, or an imitation of Barrie's Capt. Hook, who described himself in the words "a kindlier pirate never cut a throat."

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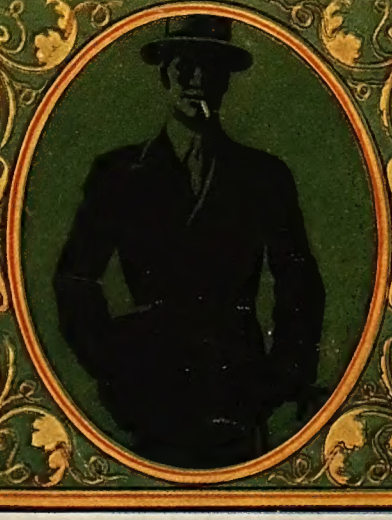

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